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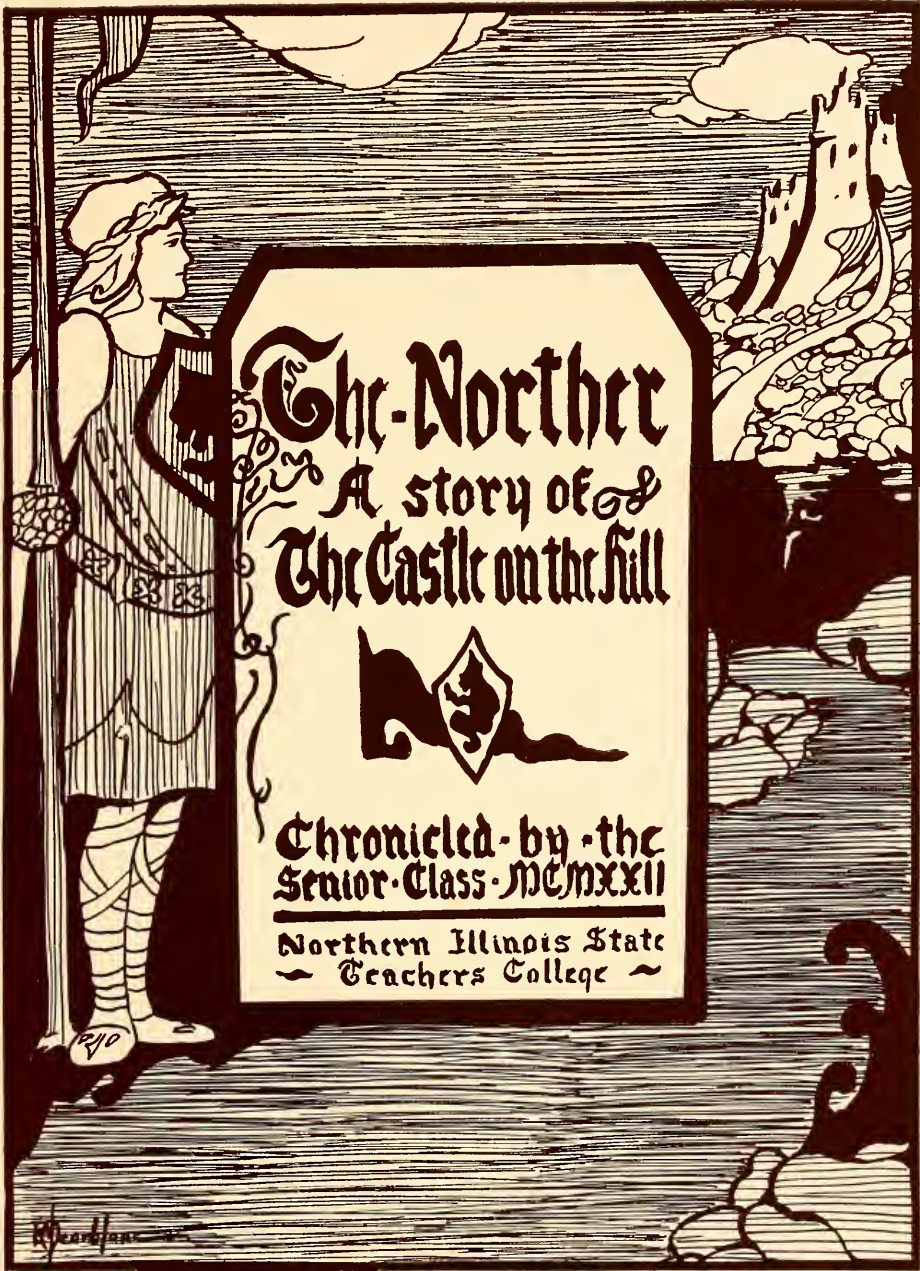


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W. M. Carter

p 68, 84, 97, 160



The Northern

A story of

The Castle on the Hill



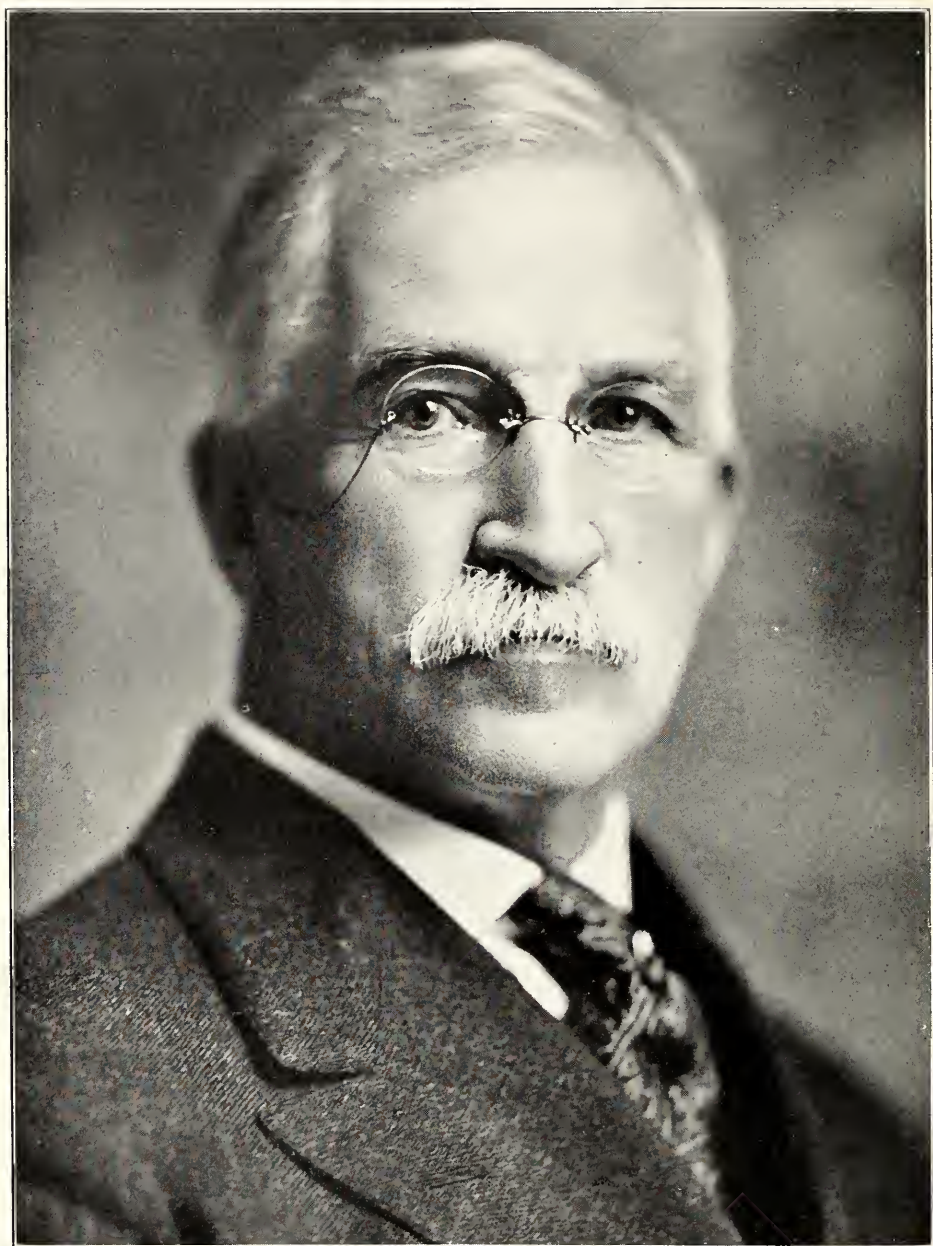
Chronicled by the
Senior Class MCMXXII

Northern Illinois State
Teachers College

Within the Castle of Learning there dwelleth
two fashion of folk---those who by reason
of wise days and deep nights and long
lengthening years we call, in this our play
of Court and Castle---Rulers; and those,
the greater number, who by reason of the
fewness of their years do hearken unto them
---the Subjects of the Realm.

Welcome, then truly, and if it pleaseth you
tarry with us for a little space and be ye
merry---

“for to pass the time this book shall
be pleasant to read in.”



To
Dean Newell D. Gilbert

whose fine enthusiasm,
ready sympathy, and true understanding have
created memories that are forever enshrined
in the hearts of all that know him, as a
tribute to his untiring, unselfish
devotion to the interests of our
Teachers College and its
students for the past
twenty years--

The Class of 1922
Affectionately Dedicates
This Book



Our President

The "Big Man"

Broadminded, genial, kindly, farsighted, just,
progressive,--these qualities of our Presi-
dent which have endeared him to faculty
and students of our college;--qual-
ities which have made for him
a large place in the field
of education,--justify
his title the

"Big Man"



The Normal School Board

1917-1921


FRANK E. RICHEY.....LaSalle
HENRY A. NEAL.....Charleston
ELMER T. WALKER.....Macomb

1917-1923

FRANK B. STITT.....El Paso
LEROY A. GODDARD.....Chicago
WILLIAM B. OWEN.....Chicago

1919-1925

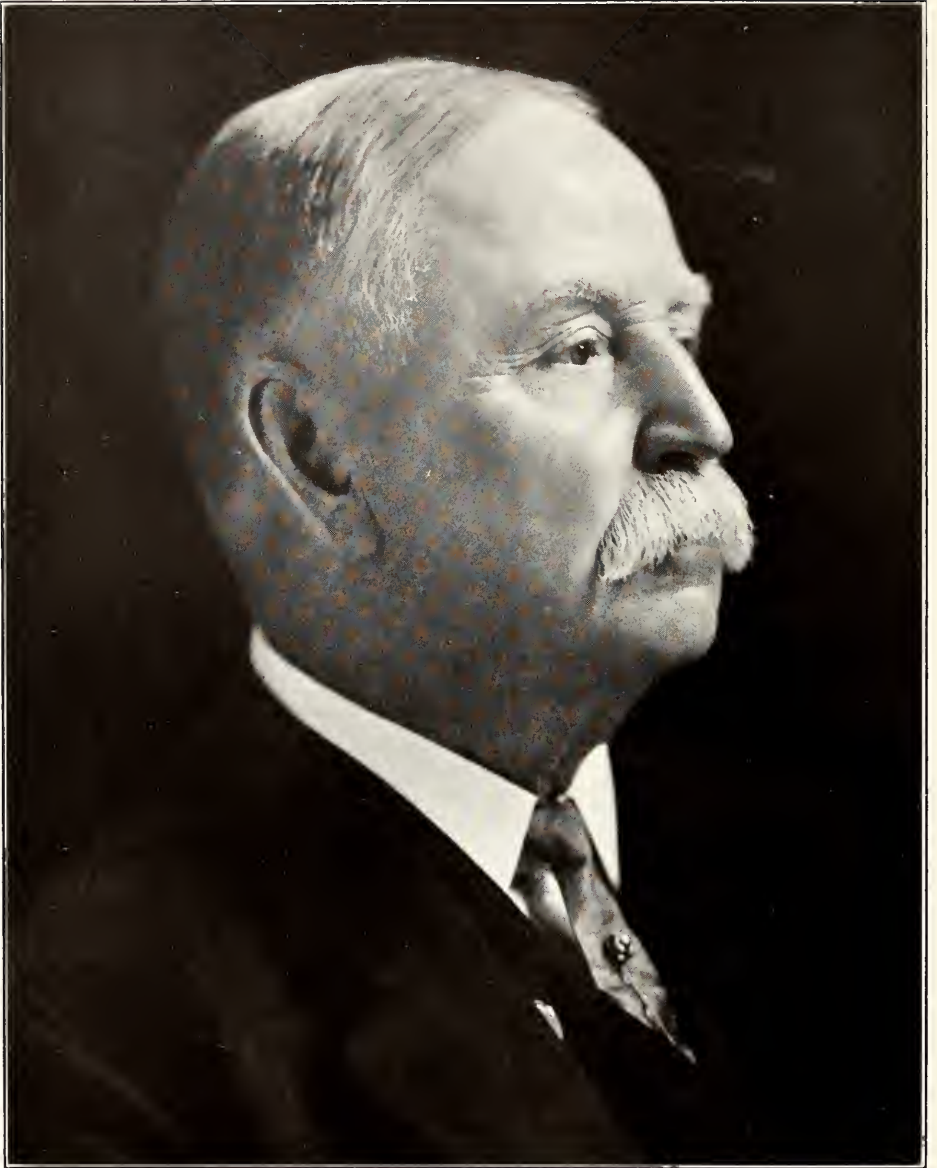
ROLAND BRIDGES.....Carbondale
CHARLES L. CAPEN.....Bloomington
JOHN C. ALLEN.....Monmouth





*This is the school that we love. The old gray
towers, ivy covered,
Rise in the evening twilight, rise o'er a land
filled with beauty—
The treasures of Mother Nature, her streams,
her flowers, and her woodlands.
The friendly clouds from above, smile down
on the realm of wisdom.
The students who work 'neath those towers,
look up at the twilight hour
And with voices hushed by the splendor, whisper
in reverence, "We love them."*

DALLAS GREGORY.

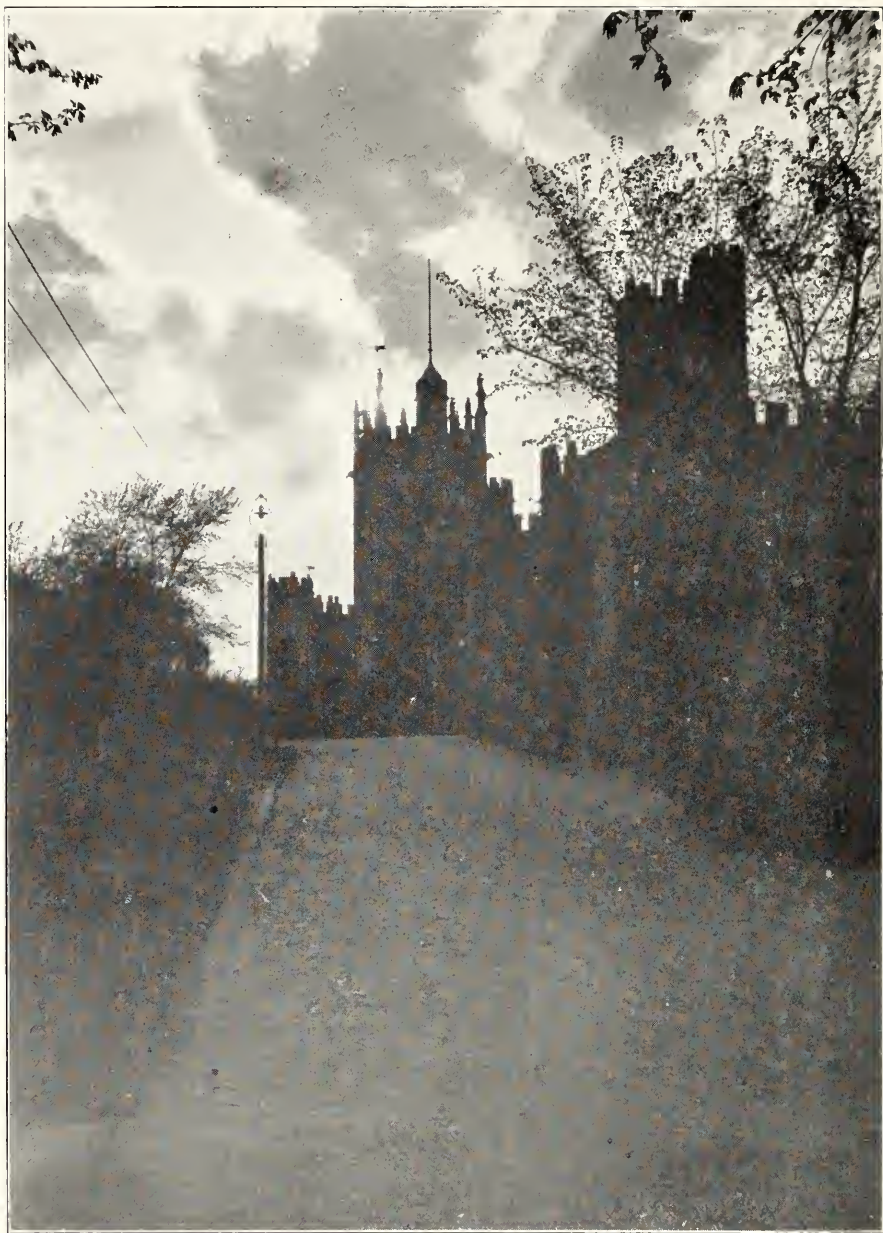




DR. JOHN W. COOK, the subject of this brief dissertation, has had a most unusual record as a teacher and administrator of public education in the State of Illinois. For more than a half century his keen mind and wonderful vision were brought to bear upon the solution of the most far-reaching and most difficult problems of education during the latter quarter of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth. He touched the lives, the hearts, and minds of hundreds of men and women who came directly in contact with his great personality. He saw the light revealed to him as very few have ever been able to see it. He had the unique power of interpreting times and conditions, people and situations because of this rare gift. The place which he made during this long period of service is so unique as to leave him almost without competition among the great souls whose lives have been spent in public education. The institution at DeKalb, whose birth and development, whose direction and growth he stimulated, will always be his debtor. It is, therefore, a great privilege to record this expression showing the depth of appreciation which his friends, associates, and acquaintances feel for him.

J. STANLEY BROWN.

March 30, 1922.





A Castle on the Hill

Words and Music by A. N. Annas

Like a castle on the hill
Firm and strong from tower to sill,
Alma Mater penciled clear against the sky.
From the red of morning light,
To the purpling rays of night,
Lines of symmetry and beauty greet the eye.
In behind those towers gray,
Beauty not alone holds sway;
Here is wisdom's realm, here knowledge is the King.
Loyal subjects bend the knee,
And proclaim their loyalty
In the task and frolics which the day doth bring.

CHORUS

Rah! Rah! Cheer for Alma Mater,
Fling her banner to the breeze;
Shout her name and sing her praises,
Echo answers through the trees,
Near and far her children love her,
"Veritas" her motto true;
Hail all hail for Alma Mater,
True we'll ever be to you.

On the gridiron, field or track,
Hear that Rah! Rah! Rah! come back
When the cardinal and black have gone to fame.
When they've lost you'll hear it too,
For the men are all true blue,
And like men they all know how to play the game.
In the halls the spirit's there,
You can feel it in the air,
Zeal for work is stronger here than love for play.
Let our toast ring clear and true,
"Alma Mater, Hail to you,
May your banner float supreme throughout life's
day."



The Norther





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Men's Athletic Editor.....	Hobart Peterson
Girls' Athletic Editor.....	Dorothy Goodwill
Calendar Editor.....	Carter Glidden
Barbs Editor.....	Lucille Frye
Art Editor.....	Edith Jeanblanc

We are
Singing to the rustling of the leaves upon thy walls
Dreaming of the days we've spent with thee.
Looking back recalling all our life within these halls,
Hours that were so busy, glad, and free;
And we'll "come back," yes, we'll "come back,"
Alma Mater still to us thou'lt ever be.
From thy gates we now must go
Into larger work, and so
For a time we'll say "Farewell to thee!"

For now our school year's ended,
As classmates, we must part;
Fond mem'ries e'er will linger
Deep within each heart.
We'll roam the wide world over
In years that are to be,
But 'tis here our thoughts will wander,
Dear N. I. S. T. C.



*High upon our college hilltop,
Overlooking wood and lake,
Rise the five gray, vine-traced arches,
Bidding friends a welcome take.*

VIOLA PETERSON.

To you in the Castle Veritas,
You rulers and teachers true,
Who toiled day by day to help us,
To you great honor is due—

You who shared our pleasures
And gave a cheery smile,
Who by your words and actions
Have made each day worthwhile;

You who worked to help us,
To teach us ideals high—
May yours be rarest treasures
As the days and years go by.

May life be fuller, richer,
And trouble fade away,
And youth and hope still fill your hearts
As you serve and share alway.

VIOLETTE BURSTATTE.



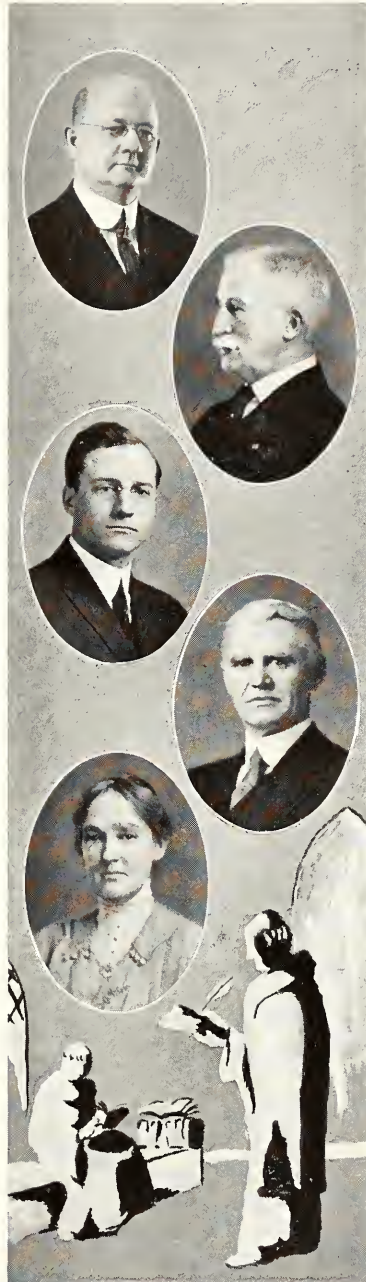
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ogy



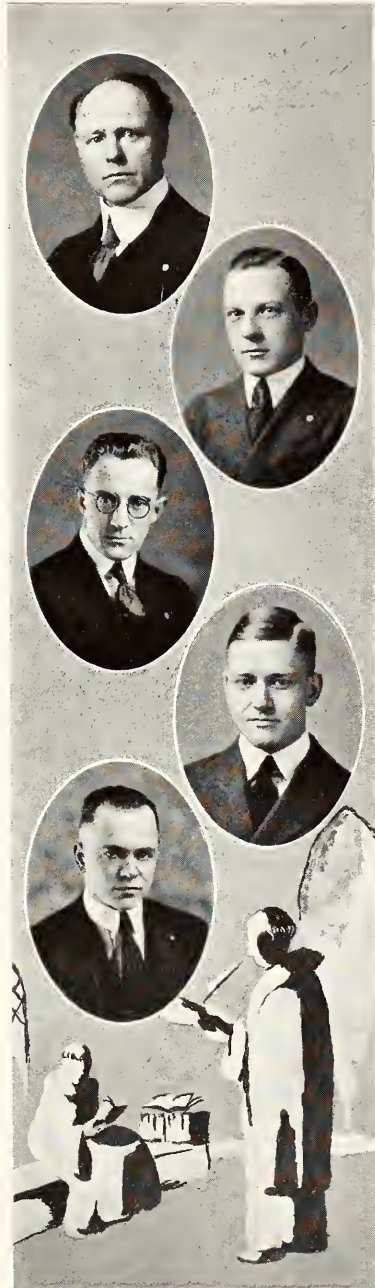
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School





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ETHEL SHATTUCK

Critic Teacher Fourth Grade Training
School

BERTHA HUNTSMAN

Critic Teacher Fifth Grade Training
School

BENA PETERSON

Critic Teacher Sixth Grade Training
School

MRS. BURTON WIRTZ

Critic Teacher Seventh Grade Training
School



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Critic Teacher Eighth Grade Training
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MARY FITCH
Critic Teacher Third Grade Glidden
School





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Critic Teacher Fourth Grade Glidden
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Critic Teacher Fifth Grade Glidden
School

TILLIE CARA BAIE

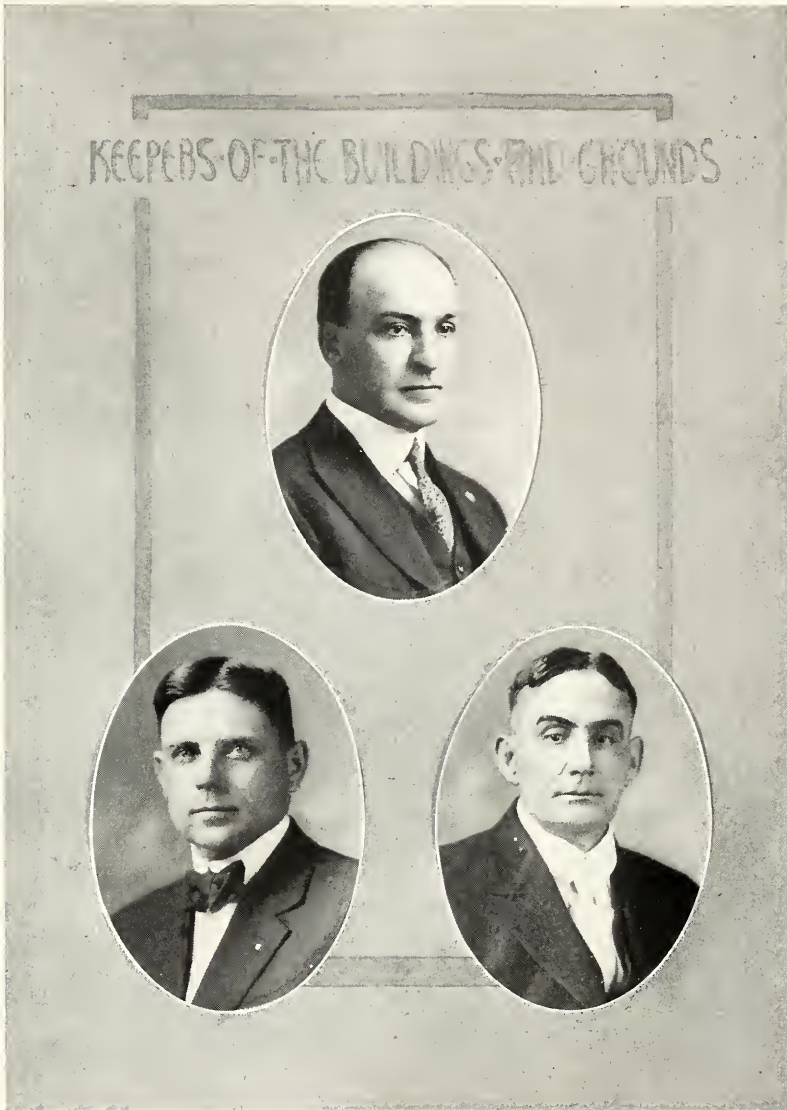
Critic Teacher Sixth Grade Glidden
School

AGNES ROSE TAGUE

Critic Teacher Seventh Grade Glidden
School

BERTHA M. BELLIS, A. B.

Critic Teacher Eighth Grade Glidden
School



THOMAS S. MURRAY
Superintendent of Buildings

FRANK K. BALTHIS
Superintendent of Grounds

JAMES CLARK
Engineer

To you who in the happy comradeship of the past two years have embodied the joyous spirit, the buoyancy, the aspirations, the undaunted courage of those who set out upon a quest with morning faces and with morning hearts;

To you who have laid up goodly store of fair and pleasant things to be remembered, memories to live by—our “Castle” in its simple dignity, the beauty all about it, your fun, your work, your songs, the moments when life’s finer, spiritual meanings made appeal, the moments when you made response to “Veritas” as guide and counselor;

To you who now fare forth upon the world’s highway to find your work

*“In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring marketplace, or tranquil room,”*

to carry it on with earnestness of purpose, striving toward those ideals which each one’s inner self, his own best self, holds most dear;—

We give our heartiest greetings, our sincerest hopes that your finest ambitions may be realized, our wish that your fairest visions and dreams may all come true, our warmest Godspeed.

ANNA PARMELEE.



Senior Officers



S. ACKEMANN

PRESIDENT—CHARLES PARSON
SECRETARY—STELLA ACKEMANN

VICE PRESIDENT—CARTER GLIDDEN
TREASURER—MARGUERITE O'BRIEN



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Dramatic Club
Northern Illinois Board
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EDITH MAE ADAMS

Regular Course

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Founder of Y. W. C. A. Book Exchange
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STAPLES, MINNESOTA

NONA BAXTER

Regular Course

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Football '20, '21

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MARY BRADLEY

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Basketball '21, '22
Baseball '21, '22
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HOBART S. PETERSON

Dramatic Club

Melodie Klub

Norther Board

Northern Illinois Board

Baseball

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VIOLA ELEANOR PETERSON

Regular Course

GENEVA, ILLINOIS

GLENN RAND

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Melodie Klub
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Basketball '20, '21
Football '20, '21
Baseball '20
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REGINALD SNOW

Dramatic Club
Regular Course

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HASWELL A. SNYDER

Melodie Klub
Northern Illinois Board
Business Manager Norther
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CATHERINE STOWE

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W. A. A.
Regular Course

AURORA, ILLINOIS





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Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course

AURORA, ILLINOIS

EVA F. TURNER
Regular Course

JOLIET, ILLINOIS

PAUL M. UTEG
Secretary Melodie Klub
Football '20, '21
Basketball '19, '20
Confreere
Three-Year Course
CRYSTAL LAKE, ILLINOIS

ANNE VOGEL
Regular Course
GILBERTS, ILLINOIS

LUCY WALKER
Teaching in Harvard, Illinois
BRAIDWOOD, ILLINOIS



MARGARET E. WELLER

Regular Course

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

HARVEY WELSH

Regular Course

CORTLAND, ILLINOIS

MARJORIE L. WELTY

H. A. C.

Home Economics Course

SYCAMORE, ILLINOIS

HOWARD QUILHAT WESTERVELT

Football '20, '21

Melodie Klub

SHABONA, ILLINOIS

RALPH WHITTAKER

Melodie Klub

Regular Course

DEKALB, ILLINOIS





JEAN WILSON
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course

MARENGO, ILLINOIS

MIRIAM L. WRIGHT
Regular Course

RIVER FOREST, ILLINOIS

EDNA FERN YEAGER
Treble Clef
Y. W. C. A.
Music Course

FAIRDALE, ILLINOIS



MOLLIE DUFFY

Teaching in Maywood

DIXON, ILLINOIS

LEONARD JOHNSON

Teaching in Chicago, Illinois

DEKALB, ILLINOIS

ALICE POBSTMAN

Teaching in Steger, Illinois

DEKALB, ILLINOIS

SIDNEY RASMUSEN

Melodie Klub

Football '20, '21

Northern Illinois Board '21

Junior Class President

Regular Course

MILLINGTON, ILLINOIS

MRS. MARIE VAN

Teaching in Glenn Ellyn

DEKALB, ILLINOIS



Adventures of the Grandiloquent Seniors

"Then for all coming time betwixt the two, a peace was made by Pallas Athene, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, likened to Mentor in her form and voice."

Here endeth the fair tale of long-tried royal Odysseus and here beginneth another so strangely similar that ye may wonder why Fate should re-weave an ancient Grecian pattern into a twentieth century destiny.

Now, a certain people likened to Solomon in wisdom, sought the land of Golden Opportunity of which princely Perseverance is king.

Before the crimson-crowned twilight of the summer day had melted into dusk, these people went their way to the land of College. They gathered in a mighty throng, seeking admittance, like bees, which, about the honey-laden flower, whirring and buzzing, seek their way to the nectar-filled corolla. In such wise did these people enter the land of College.

Then did the honored ruler look upon them with impressive awe and speaking in learned words said: "Are you intellectuals of high renown, that seek to tarry here?" Now these people answered him saying: "Grudge not our entrance here; be not wroth with our presumption. We fain would learn from the grandiloquent instructors of your wisdom-fraught land, the road to the land of Golden Opportunity."

So saying, these people were ordered to remain. And happy were they to toil for one long year in dark oblivion. And they were called "Juniors."

On the second year, these long-tried people vowed to suffer and work no longer in the deathly darkness of oblivion. Then did their emboldened leader call upon the honored ruler and speaking, said to him: "O, honored ruler of this wisdom-fraught land, my people cry for mercy. No longer will they toil unhonored and unsung. Hearken to our pleas and pity us."

Thus spake the leader and the high heart of the honored ruler assented and answering, he said: "Go to your people and tell them that henceforward they shall be exalted. They will be called 'Seniors,' which means rulers and lords of Juniors."

Then did the leader bear the glad tidings to his people. And rejoicing began and feasting upon the ambrosia of their grandiose



power. But too long did they tarry in the land of Revelry, disporting themselves like the saffron-winged butterfly, carousing among the painted joys of the meadow and sleeping within the perfumed walls of flowers.

Then after a certain time, bitter did they lament themselves, for they had lost the road that leads to the land of Golden Opportunity. Then did they attempt to return to College land, but Failure reached out her greedy arms, ready to engulf them. But the grandiloquent instructors of College land helped them mightily and safely did they reach the dutiful shores of their homeland.

Then upon a certain day, many Seniors were dispatched with messages of wisdom to the land of Training School. There did they struggle with irrepressive youth, and did they try to transform themselves into grandiloquent instructors.

Then, lo! after many months had flown, much like the swiftly swooping eagle, which soars high and disappears among the fluffy recesses of the clouds, a mighty troupe appeared in College land. Strangers they were, seeking Seniors upon whom they might bestow the High Order of Grandiloquent Instructor.

Lengthily and carefully did they interview the Seniors; indeed, all were called and all were chosen.

Then upon a certain day, when golden-winged morning appeared, the honored ruler called to him these people, and speaking in learned words, said: "Seniors, seekers of Golden Opportunity, your journey nears its end. Perilous and sorrowful has it been for some, and toil-worn do those appear. But in work did you repent and in joy you will triumph." And the Seniors hearkened to his learned words with joy, and hope was in every heart.

And many weeks after, when golden-winged morn appeared, were the Seniors assembled in a marvelous hall. Then spoke the honored ruler, saying: "This day, your journey ends. You are come to the land of Golden Opportunity." And so saying, the honored ruler gave unto every Senior a magic parchment and joy was in every heart.

Here endeth the fair tale of the Class of '22. Happy have we been in busy toil; sorrowful in threatening failure; hopeful in the learned words of our honored ruler and his grandiloquent instructors; and loath are we to part.

DOROTHY MAILLETT.

Then and Now

There are reasons for our frowns,
And we have our ups and downs,
And we make unpleasant sounds,
 When we're here.

And as rule breakers we starred,
So from pleasures we are barred,
And our studies are too hard,
 When we're here.

Now we feel we hate to part.
We love the place, down in our heart,
And the tears are bound to start,
 As we leave.

Now the days look very black,
For the joys that we shall lack,
And we'll wish that we were back,
 When we're gone.

MADLINE HEAP.



Junior Officers



H. Broughton

PRESIDENT—CLARENCE STEGMEIR
SECRETARY—MARION KENNEDY

VICE PRESIDENT—CHARLES BRADT
TREASURER—ALLAN NEWMAN







Oh, here's to the Juniors!
We're sad and we're gay
We know how to study,
We know how to play;
Just give us a task
And we'll prove we're true blue,
For all that we ask
Is a chance to show you.

M. G. S.

Oh here's to the Juniors, a jolly, young throng!
They're happy and merry the whole day long.
They're glad and gay
At work and play.
Oh, Juniors, we know you next year will go on
And be mighty Seniors when we are gone.

S. A.



PRESIDENT—WEBSTER JOHNSON
VICE PRESIDENT—ADA COWDREY
SECRETARY—EMIL WINSTEDT

At the Turn of the Road

With what infinite patience and wisdom does our Alma Mater, as she sits majestically enthroned upon the castle hill, determine the destiny of this her college world! Just as with her high ideals and noble character she serves as a guide-post for us today, so she has done in the past.

For twenty-two long years our fair Alma Mater watched her N. I. S. N. S. caravan go down the straight and narrow road called Progress. At length she perceived far ahead a broader road leading off to the right.

"Which way shall I send my caravan?" thought she. "If it continues down the road on which it has started, it will still carry gay 'Normalites' to the doors of our elementary institutions of learning. But if I have it turn to the right, the pilgrims may take a longer journey which will carry them to the doors of higher institutions—perhaps to a 'Castle On the Hill.' On such a journey I could direct these pilgrims to a higher knowledge and culture."

In July, 1921, therefore, the caravan, with its new name "Northern Illinois State Teachers College," turned and started up the broader road. At the very turning it found one passenger, Melvin Thompson, by name, who was soon ready to alight with his degree, which gave him the opportunity of serving as principal of the New Zurich H. S. the following school year.

Earlier in the summer an Ohio pilgrim had entered for only a few months' ride. So great an opportunity did this gray caravan offer that she, too, decided to finish her journey.

With the opening of the fall term others came. As our Alma Mater watched the many pilgrims entering the caravan, she recognized Webster Johnson, one of her 1920 travelers. Then there came Emil Winstedt, our Swedish minister; Mrs. Pearl Jackson, a former friend and critic, the caravan's Manual Training Director, and Sydney Rasmusen, who graduated from the Normal School at the end of the winter term. Even though few in number, these made up that first Senior College Class which had set out to finish their four years' journey.

We are proud, our Alma Mater, to have been the first College Class to travel in your N. I. S. T. C. caravan where we have acquired better standards for ourselves and higher ideals to take out into the world as a gift from you. We are glad to have opened up the way for many more pilgrims who will make such achievements as only our farseeing Alma Mater can foretell.

ADA COWDREY.



Who's Who in 1922

JOHNSON, VERNON WEBSTER, M. D., (Mathematical Director), G. F. F. (Going From the Farm), B. S. M., (Bachelor of the Science of Matrimony). Graduated from the DeKalb Township H. S. in 1918. The greatest living authority on mathematics in Freshmen H. S. Algebra class room. Author of "The Parson's Cause," "Parme Lee," "The Rotation of Crops," and "Why Three Great Religions Arose in the Orient." In August, 1922, will graduate from N. I. S. T. C., where he had enrolled in 1919. A great talker and instructor. Present address: Algebra, Montana.

WINSTEDT, EMIL G., B. S., (Broken Swedish), M. L. (Moral Lecturer), Ph. D. (Philanthropist of Divinity), Spontaneous Lecturer or Minister. b. Angel House, Sweden. Received public school difficulties at Angel House. Arrived in America, 1906; journeyed to Smoky City. Enlisted in S. C. Theological Cemetery. Resurrected in 1917. Amalgamated with honor to "The Personified Brotherhood of Divinity." Unanimously chosen "Easy Boss" of the Swedish Mission Church at DeKalb, 1921. Enrolled in N. I. S. T. C. in 1921. Recreations: Swimming, playing pool and eating Swedish turkey. Address: 707 S. Unstabilized Ave.

COWDREY, ADA., H. E., (Historical Explorer), B. O., (Beautiful Ohio), P. M., (Page's Mistake), H. C. F. R., (Historical Condenser of Freshmen Roguery). Ushered into existence at Williamsburg, O., where she received early correction and confusion in the "Mind Factories." Entered, in a chaotic state of mind, Normal School of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. Graduated 1920, with great shedding of tears. Experimented with theory of "Pedagogical Torture" on seventh and eighth graders at Ansonia, Ohio. Entered N. I. S. T. C., June, 1921. Author of "The Profound Theory That Eve Was the First True Suffragist," and "Interpretations of the Printed Page," Recreations; Scolding freshmen, giving dancing lessons, and bobbing the manes of the gentle. Address: Care of History Museum. (Historical Advantages of the Lack of "Pages.")

RASMUSEN, SIDNEY, B. S., (Ballet Singer), M. A., (Master Antique), Ph. D., (Phosphate Drinks). Born in Millington. Located on the edge of the small farm in Illinois down by the original "Old Mill Stream." Graduate of N. I. S. T. C. Normal School Course, 1921. Student in Sr. College N. I. S. T. C. Survivor of 1921 football team. The Bluebeard of the Rickard Club. A member of many Historic and Secret Narcotic Societies. Author of such epistles as: "Speed Up! Speed Up!" "How Bull Durham helped Me to Become a Great Athlete," "If the Negro Race Were Wiped Out, Why the English Race Would Be the Lowest Race on Earth," "How to Play Penny Ante and Win." Aspiration: To be able to duplicate Mr. Page's record as a historian. Has great respect for dinner tables and feather beds. Can be located wherever his feet stop tracking.

HARRISON, PAUL E., "Lefty," B. S., (Billiard Shark), M. A., (Milo's Assistant), Ph. D., (Physical Deterioration). b. in DeKalb, a Swedish-American city, located on the famous Kishwaukee. Graduate N. I. S. T. C., 19—, student A. A. Stagg's Natatorium, 1921. Married Helen Wyant. Member American Legion, Elks, and various Civic and Geographic societies. Author of "Tea Tables versus Alton Packard," "An Approved Way of Handling a Left-Handed Monkey Wrench," "How to Win at Cards." Asst. Prof. of Wood Marring, and Asst. Director of Physical Torture of Men, State Teachers College. Address: Next to Buzzard's.

JACKSON, MRS. PEARL, M. D., (Mail Carrier's Devoted), M. A., (Millinery Artist), E. C., (Efficient Cook). Graduated from Sycamore H. S. June 23, 1908, and from N. I. S. T. C. June, 1910. Engaged in filling the minds of the youth at Ellwood School 1910-1916, 1918. Spent year 1921 at Normal Training School in doing little but seeing and hearing much. Entered the institution of matrimony Sept. 2, 1916. Chief hobby: Gardening. Main article of diet: whole wheat. Address: Within the four walls.

Some folks think our class a joke,
And constant fun at us will poke.
But how does any college start
If no one cares to take a part?
We've braved the laughs and jeers so far
Which work so hard, our class to mar;
And hope that in some future years
Others will profit by our tears.

—ADA COWDREY.

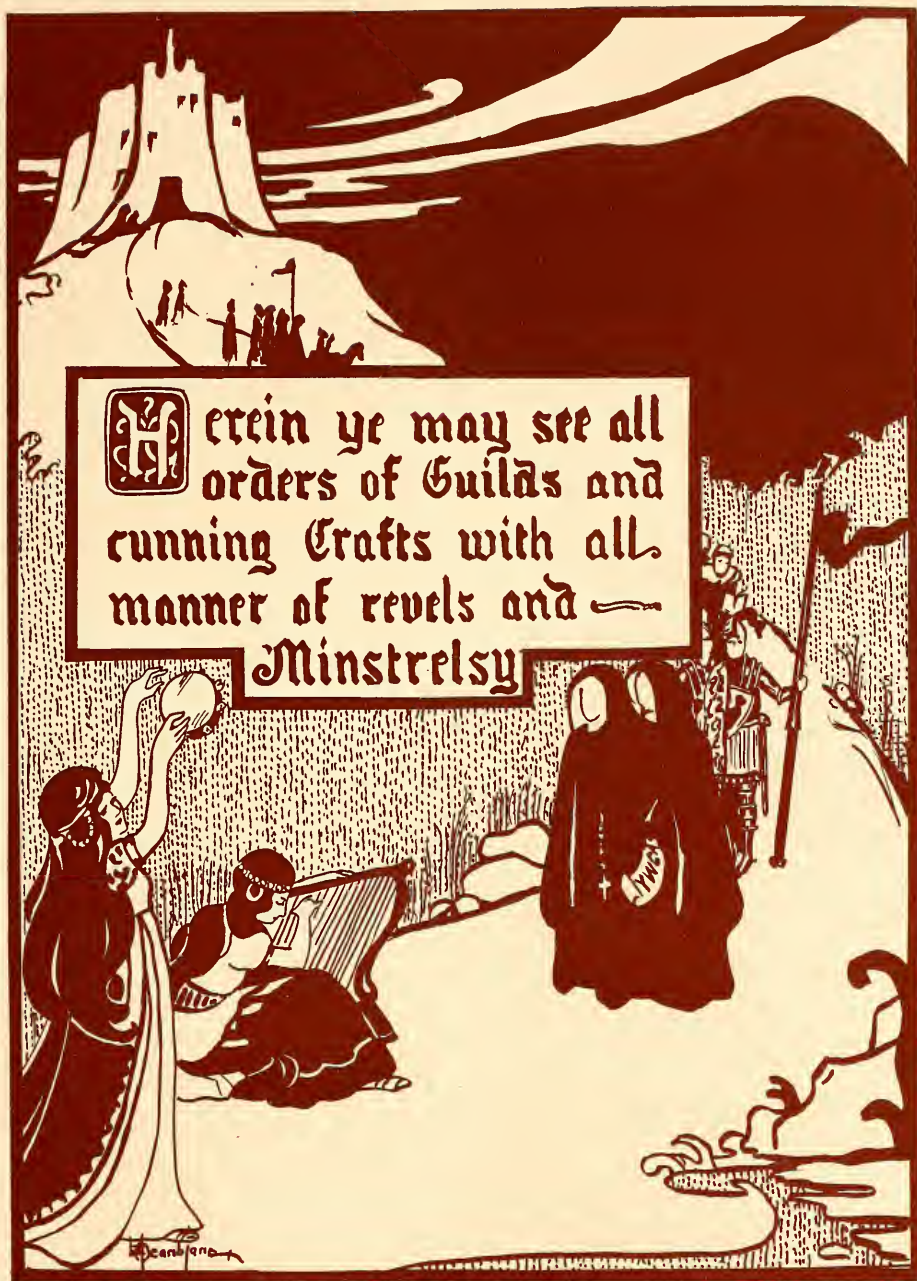


The T. C. High School

In September of nineteen-twenty the Teachers College established a High School department. At first this consisted of only one class, numbering about twenty students. As the teachers of the Normal department taught all of the subjects, and since the students took a keen interest in their studies, the quality of the work done was very good. During the year the girls and boys organized basket ball teams. The latter played several games with neighboring schools.

This year the two classes of the H. S., with Mr. Whittaker as sponsor, elected the following officers. President, M. Gurler; Vice President, M. Kennedy; Secretary, E. Luhtala; Treasurer, H. Diedrich. So far this year one party has been held. The games, dancing, and refreshments had good effects on the students and more social affairs may be expected. Although little is now heard of the T. C. High School, it is evident that the department is continually developing into a better organization. Two years from now we shall have four well-organized classes. Then we hope it will be possible to have several H.S. organizations, a Literary, and Dramatic Club; and take active part in other lines of High School activities. In fact, Teachers College will be proud to say, "That is our High School department."

LILLIAN SHANAHAN.



Herein ye may see all
orders of Guilds and
cunning Crafts with all
manner of revels and —
Minstrely



I Am Music

“SERVANT and master am I; servant of those dead, and master of those living. Through me spirits immortal speak the message that makes the world weep, and laugh and wonder and worship.

“I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves and the story that damns. I am the incense upon which prayers float to Heaven. I am the smoke which palls over the field of battle when men lie dying with me on their lips.

“I am close to the marriage altar, and when the graves open I stand near by. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths, I open the lips of lovers and through me the dead whisper to the living.

“One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave. I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on rock-ribbed shores, the sighing of wind in the trees, and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on city streets.

“I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers; I am the father of the best that is in them, and they are fathers of the best that is in me; I am of Him, and they are of me. *For I am the instrument of God.*

I AM MUSIC

—Selected.



Listen! Can you hear it? Almost imperceptibly it flows into consciousness. Slowly it becomes a distinct sound. Softly it modulates into a succession of tones. What is it? The muscles tighten, the head turns, attention commands. The melody expands. Great billows of sound roll in. The nerves tingle, now hot, now cold. The soul is leaping up. It is riding the billows of exquisite music. Bon voyage.

What is It? Dr. Payne and his violin.

S. F. Parson



Treble Clef

We're happy! That's our purpose—to be happy and to make others happy. And we've succeeded—at least part way, for we've made ourselves happy.

Who could help but enjoy those jolly Monday evenings, even though she did have to race up three flights of stairs at a break-neck speed in order to be there when that fatal chord sounded at six-thirty? And who would be unwilling to harness herself in a stiff white collar in order to appear before the assembly? Why, it was at one of those meetings that the Treble Clef made its debut in the movies!

What a happy feeling it is to know that we did bring the Christmas Spirit to the old people in the Sanitorium. They could not have enjoyed our music more than we did the homeward trip, our voices caroling "Upon the Midnight Clear." Whether it is singing in General Assembly, decorating for a Treble Clef Formal, or practising for a concert, we're happy. Oh, it's easy "being happy," when you're a Treble Cleffer!

CATHERINE BRADY.

Loyalty Song by A. N. Annas

I.

We pledge to you our heart and hand,
O school upon the hill;
We bow our head when you command,
Your mandate we'll fulfill.
Tho years may pass, and time may bring
Its changes everywhere,
We'll still be true, dear school, to you,
Our Alma Mater fair.

CHORUS:

We're loyal! Oh yes, we're loyal!
We're true for aye to you.
We'll pledge you our full allegiance,
We'll give you all your due.
We know that there is no other
From the mountain to the sea
That can surpass you, nor can outclass you,
Dear N. I. S. T. C.

II.

Come, give your hand and pledge with me
The best you have to give,
To make this fair spot of the earth
A place where ideals live,
A place where purpose urges on
To do and not to mar.
O school, we will be true to you,
Your message carry far.

CHORUS:





Treble Clef



What are you,
Creature that advances
Upon us, backwards, frontwards, which?
You are branded
T. C.
'Tis comical!
T. C.
What does it mean?
Teachers College?
Tin Can?
Tough Candy?
Tempo Crescendo?
Pray what may it be?

* * *

Oh, now I see!
Treble Clef
T. C.

STELLA ACKEMANN.





From the U. of I.

There is something magnetic about the simple words—band concert; but when with these are joined two other words—University of Illinois, the magnetic force is doubled. We felt this drawing power February twenty-seventh when the University of Illinois Concert Band gave a matinee concert in our auditorium. Shall I attempt to define this magnetism or account for the whole student body and great numbers of town people attending this concert? We might attribute a great deal of it to the fact that the University of Illinois band has been pronounced, by Sousa, the greatest of University bands; but ask the girls if that is the only reason they had for attending the concert. Smart uniforms are irresistible.

Everyone who did have the good fortune to hear the program was impressed with its extensive range. With the first overture, by Wagner, our attention was caught to be held throughout to the finale of Illinois songs and "The Star Spangled Banner." The selections were vivid and picturesque, ranging from the comic to the pathetic and from vivacious, spirited revelry to irresistible drollery. The musicians, directed by Albert Austin Harding, responded to every theme of the music, giving us a happy combination of melody and rhythm.

The Interlude—"A Bit of College Life," comprising a few "stunts" by versatile members of the band, to show, in the words of an eminent critic, "that life on the campus is not all work"—was the "peppy" part of the concert. A jazz orchestra, a double quartette, a pianologue, and a dramatization of a very thrilling love story were the striking features of the interlude.

We enjoyed every minute of the two hours of entertainment given us this year, so our wish is that N. I. S. T. C. may again be a stopping place for the University of Illinois Concert Band on its succeeding annual tours.

MARIE MERRILL.



The School Orchestra

Hark!
What's that,
Sweet and clear,
Which strikes the ear?

Hold!
Bellows,
Viol, and bells
Produce the swells.

Wait!
Cymbals,
Drums, and brass
Make the crash.

Hold!
Cello
And bass horn
Which sound forlorn.

Last!
The flute,
Fiddlers three
Add harmony.

All
In all
Melody—
The symphony.

The school year 1921-22 has been a successful one for the orchestra. In spite of the difficulty of finding a time to meet they have practiced two times each week with gratifying results. The orchestra consists of approximately eight violins, three saxophones, two clarinets, two cornets, trombone, drums, and piano. The musicians displayed their skill by rendering difficult selections at different times in general exercises. They displayed their skill by rendering jazz numbers at several basketball games.

We hope that the faculty and student body have appreciated the efforts of this organization and will assist it in its work for the coming year.

CHARLES BRADT.



A Typical Orchestra Practice

"Give me A, please." Paddock tries to give it to me, but misses it by at least a couple of tones. Bollinger comes in singing "I've Got the Blues," and "Hobe" Peterson chimes in with him. Charles Parson adds a few variations.

Boom—boom! That is Mr. Lyon, of course, trying to "tune" his drum. Next Ruth Denny comes "bounding" in and goes to the piano. Now we have enough for a real "Jazz" Orchestra.

"All ready for 'The Sheik'!"

Just then Mr. Annas arrives. "Come on, folks, take your places and get tuned up. Let's not waste any more time."

There is a terrible confusion of all the instruments.

"For the first part of the period we will work on 'Daffodils'." (Passes out music.)

"All right, we are ready to begin—one, two, three, play."

"Hey, Mr. Annas, where is my note?" interrupts Paddock. "I think there is something wrong with this music."

"Try it again. All ready—begin!" Still Paddock insists that his music is written incorrectly.

"Bring it up to the piano and we shall see about it—once more—ready, play." (Mr. Annas plays Red's notes on the piano.)

Another pause.

"There's nothing the matter with the music; it's your time. You're too slow. Now let's go right through the piece without another pause."

After working on "Daffodils" for some time, the music is gathered up and we start on "The Black Lantern" or "More Candy Waltz."

"Are you all in tune? Violins sound A together. Someone is flat—all right—again—fine. One, two—play."

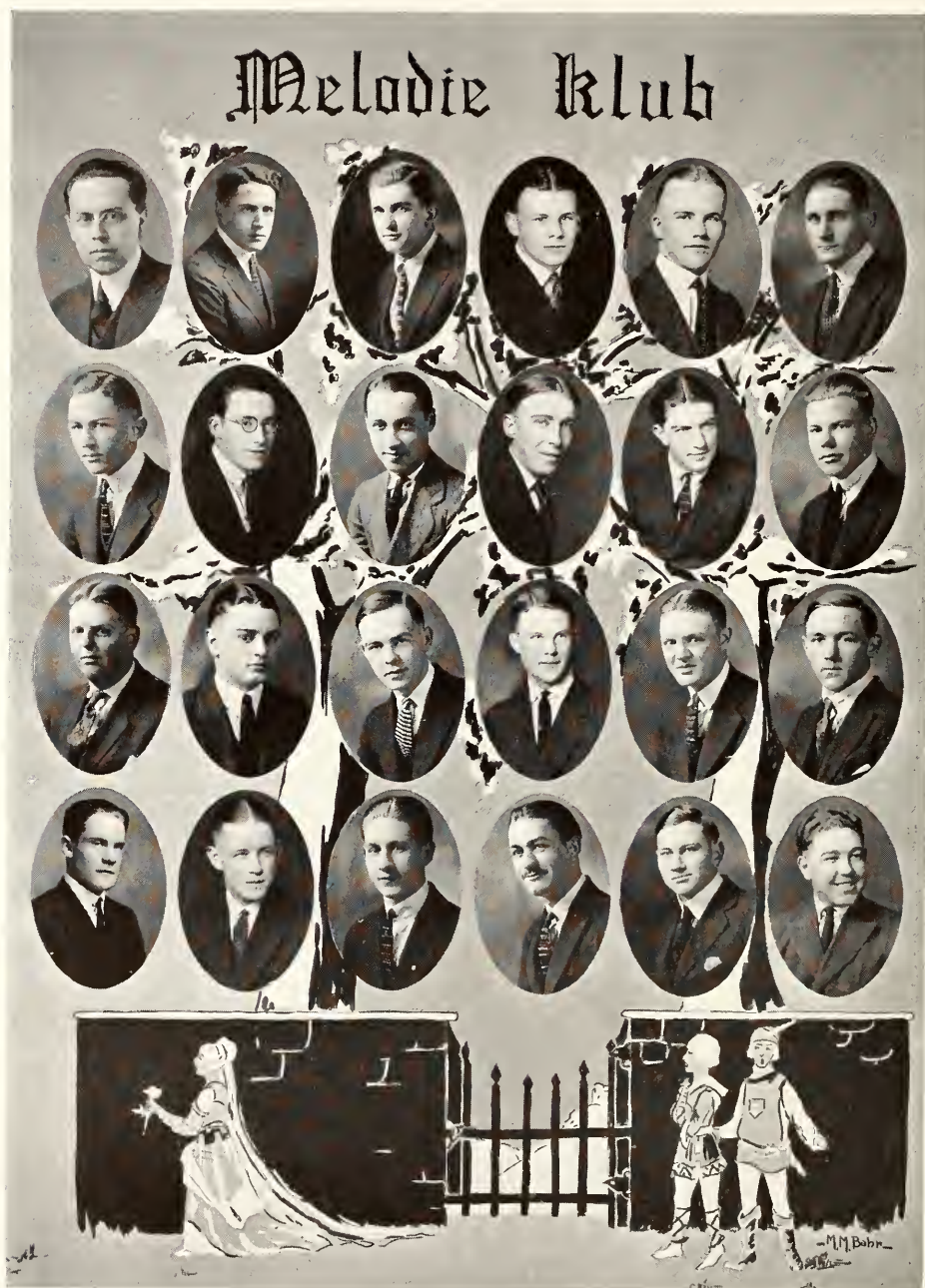
Everything goes along smoothly until suddenly there is a terrible discord. "Chuck" Bradt is on the wrong line.

"Just a moment, please; some one has skipped a line. Start at the top of the page once more."

(Warning bell rings.)

We double the rhythm and just reach the Fine as the second bell rings.

VERA J. MATHEWS.





The Mello-D Klub

Our boys all met one day
To see what could be done
To pass the time away
In nineteen twenty-one.

A valiant start they made.
Of help they wanted none
Except one teacher's aid,
In nineteen twenty-one

A group to sing, their aim.
And oh! but they had fun.
Mello-D Klub by name,
Of nineteen twenty-one.

Their songs entranced the ears
Of all who heard them sung.
They drove away the tears,
Those boys of 'twenty-one.

A score or more in ranks,
For work that he hath done,
Do give their teacher thanks,
Those boys of 'twenty-one.

The school will stand by you,
O boys of mirth and fun,
In nineteen twenty-two
As well as 'twenty-one.

CHARLES BRADT.

The Mello-D Klub is one of the boys' organizations of the school, one whose fame may not be quite so great and pretentious as the fame of our athletic teams, but nevertheless, an organization that contributes as much to the spirit of the school as any other.

This Klub, meeting every Tuesday and Thursday, harbors all our young men, musically inclined, who desire to seek solace and consolation in the opening of their hearts in song. And who can deny that they are a happy flock? Their sweet and melodious voices, exquisitely tender and harmonious, may be heard, not only during their hour of execution of their duties, but all the way down the stairs, past the library and recitation rooms, after dismissal.

Did you see the Minstrel they promoted? Pretty good, wasn't it? The versatility shown by some of our young men was undreamed of; and others showed clearly and beyond dispute, that they chose the wrong vocation when they entered a Teacher's College. The ebullition of fun and mirth caused by some of the artists was worth the price of admission alone.

The Minstrel wasn't all, however, for many times did they exhibit themselves during General Ex., and on those occasions were noisily welcomed. The Klub numbers about twenty-five, and next year we want every student of the male species to come up and warble with us.

CLYDE CAMPER.

When They Play

"What's on at school tonight? Is the Dramatic Club practicing in Exhibition Hall? I didn't hear any announcement in Gen. Ex. Did you?"

"No! What can it be? Sounds as if many people are having a good time. But who are they?"

Do you know who they were? No? Why the faculty! They often get together for a good time. Don't you remember that at various times Exhibition Hall was made cozy with palms and wicker furniture? Don't you remember meeting Mr. Whittaker, one evening after dark, carrying home a huge aluminum kettle? Don't you remember seeing the faculty get together in groups? They were planning a menu. Don't you remember sniffing outside the Domestic Science kitchen and wondering who was to enjoy, in a more satisfying way, the savory food? Of course, you remember! Don't you remember seeing the faculty with a look of anticipation on their faces as Mr. Richey was talking to us in Gen. Ex? Don't you remember trying to see one of the faculty on urgent business and being put off with, "not tonight, not tonight!" That was because of some special occasion, mysterious to you, but it meant a good time for the faculty. And, so I hear, they have the best of playtimes when The Faculty Club meets.

STELLA ACKEMANN.

The Book Exchange

If we had a book to sell, we could exchange it at the Y. W. Exchange. For instance, we could change a "Manly & Rickert" for a Psychology by Read. Any book which we were not anxious to associate with further, could be exchanged for something more tantalizing to the senses. We could exchange a green book for a red one, a blue for a yellow, or even a white for a black. But the "ex" in exchange really meant the commission which the Y. W. C. A. received for operating costs.

We think the book exchange a real help in time of need. The real value of the Exchange was the readiness with which it could exchange the old for the new, the weary for the fresh, the worn for the new. The book exchange adds something to the College life, because it fills the gap between terms, and may even fill the gap, in the case of the person who is looking for money from home, between poverty and prosperity.

H. W. W.



The Junior's Homesick, Lonesome Blues

When your back is broke, and your eyes are blurred,
And your fingers shake, and you can't say a word,
And your heart beats fast, and your mouth gets dry,
And you keep on wishing that you could die,
But you're "feared" you won't and scared you will,
Just hustle to bed and have your chill
For you've got the Junior's Homesick Blues.

When your mouth curls down and your voice sounds flat,
And you feel as mean as a Thomas cat,
And you wonder how soon you will ride in a hearse,
And all you eat just makes you worse;
And you're sure you've lost your last best chum,
And you hate your teachers and think life's bum,
You've got the Junior's Lonesome Blues.

W. A. KILMER.



Y. W. C. A. Glimpses

The lights burning low. The Williston Hall living room. A procession of one hundred or more girls, dressed in white, holding lighted candles. The procession moving. The candles put out. Again the procession. The candles re-lighted by the large light-giving candle. Thus each new member of the Y. W. C. A. puts out the light of self and receives the light of Christ, the light which worketh miracles and which never faileth.

The lights burning brightly. The school gymnasium. Various groups of laughing, chattering students. Forming of gay circles. "Partners!" "Hello! What is your name? Mine is Mary Smith. Let's speak when we meet on the campus." Games! Stunts! Dancing! Thus the new students were initiated into the school life of N. I. S. T. C.

A restful atmosphere. A quiet hour after a day at school—before the study hour. A hush! A song! A prayer! A number of young girls seated. A speaker. A stimulating talk on present day problems. A closing song and benediction. The students leave feeling they have a wider outlook on life.

A brisk business atmosphere. Y. W. C. A. Cabinet. Y. W. C. A. Advisory Board. Y. W. C. A. Traveling Secretary, the speaker. Suggestions! Plans! Motions! Thus the local association was brought through the Student Friendship Drive, National Disarmament Conference, and Campaigns of the National Federation of Y. W. C. A. into a broader feeling of World fellowship.

Foyer! Noisy, chattering crowds of students. Table! N. I. S. T. C. pennants! Pillows! Armbands! School stationery! Pencils! Buying and selling. The Y. W. C. A. grows richer and richer, increasing its funds to support a missionary in Japan and the Central Association.



Y. W. C. A. Glimpses (*Continued*)

Sunday — vesper service! Audience — students and town people.
Before them Shina Nakanishi, a Japanese student! She is telling of her home and her race. Thus again we feel united with people the world over.

Sunday — spring of the year! Williston Hall living room. Twenty-four girls in white. New cabinet and Old. Procession. Simple ritual. Thus the past cabinet installs the new officers and reviews the past year and with them looks forward to the future.

JEANNETTE HUSTED.

Northern Illinois Board





The Northern Illinois

“ ‘The Northern Illinois’ is ready for distribution at the close of General Exercises!” How often have we heard that announcement, and how often have we stampeded, trying to get our copies! And then the comments that are heard! “Say, this is sure good!” “I wonder who put that in?” “I don’t think that’s much!” When each copy has been leafed hurriedly through, it is interesting to note the expressions on the faces in the corridors. Some are smiling and joyful, others dignified, vainly trying to keep down an expression of elation. Still others are deeply, and darkly, glum. And there is an explanation for all these expressions. It is the ambition of every one of us, whether we will admit it or not, to “have our names in the paper.” And so, when the Northern Illinois comes out, that is the first thing we look for, and if we see it in bold, black type, no matter if it be a slam, we are happy and we smile. If, however, we look all through the magazine and cannot find even a mention of ourselves, we are glum and we straightway declare the paper to be “bum.” Some of us have “high literary ambitions” and if, by chance, we behold, upon the page before us, some child of our imagination, we are so far above ordinary people that we carry ourselves with dignity enough for a ruler of the world. Nevertheless, whatever we feel when we first scan through our Northern Illinois, whether it be joy, gloom, or superiority, when we get to our rooms in the evening we read every word from the front to the back and then lay it carefully away with our Washington Party programs and our “memory books.” And who knows, some day, when we are old and battle-scarred, we may be showing it to our grandchildren and saying, “Why, that’s nothing, I remember way back when——”

RALPH WHITTAKER.

When the Upper Case Comes Out

Every year
About this time,
I am a subject to
A dreaded disease.
That disease,
While not confining me
To my bed,
Is a very
Unpleasant one.
It's common appellation is
Spring Fever.
And just between
You and me,
There are many others
Who are afflicted
With it.
Well—
Last Friday
The sun,
The air,
The birds,
And the world in general
Certainly "had me."
I dragged myself
Into General X
About 11:20,
And I had my
Doubts
About lasting 'till noon.
But I did.
And it was a good thing

For me
That I did,
Because "Something"
Certainly knocked my
Spring Fever
For a goal.
That "Something" was
The Upper Case.
Its friendly, kindly way
Of expressing itself;
The way in which
It gives me
Welcome news;
Its idea of humor
That seems to fit
Mine—
For these reasons
It is a wonderful help
To me.
I sincerely hope
It helps you
In the same way.
If it does,
The printing class
Feel well paid for
Their work
And they are happy.
I am grateful
To them.
Are you?
I thank you.

PAUL BEST.



The D. A. Club

Do you know the D. A. members

And the things for which they stand?

Constant effort to cultivate appreciation and
Love of all that is beautiful. It is
Unnecessary to say more, for
By their works you shall know them.

EDITH JEANBLANC, PRESIDENT.

"Ever and ever so long ago"—and, with the words, time slips away, leaving us, for a moment, at least, in the presences of the past: memories, we call them so, which seem a press and throng of human beings, each one, as old and as young as the past itself, awaiting the reclamation of its treasured moment with eager eyes and a great silence.

Sometimes, in a long half-hour, we try to sort out these memory-folk, whose faces are so strangely alike. "Oh, yes!" we say, "here are memories of birthdays; here are first parties; here are blithe Junes, and sorry Septembers. And here are all our vacations!" "Here they all are, indeed," we exclaim. And so they are—summer vacations, in which we spent most of our time fishing for diffident bull-heads in the old Willow Pond; spring vacations, the only known panacea for a certain persistent springtime malady; Thanksgiving vacations, in which we are unceasingly thankful that the great day falls on Thursday; and then the brightest group of all. At first, like Macbeth, we gaze and say—"the woods of Dunsinane"; only for a moment, however, for we hear, "—the green is His everlasting love for the children of men, and the glow of the candles, His untading Light in a dark world." With the memory-sound of the voice a home group grows vivid—children listening again to the blessed story of His birth upon the earth. And we know, now, that we gaze upon—Christmas Trees.

We seek out the tallest of them all. It is much, very much higher than our hands can reach even though we stand tiptoe; it blazes with candles; it glistens in its trails of tinsel. It is the tree shut up, so long ago, in Grandmother's cold parlor. We were forbidden to enter that room, though Mother and Grandmother went in as often as they wished. Very often, did it seem to us, for we feared that in some way they might be changed when they came out.

But there is another which, too, stands high and straight. It stands at the door of a building where children go in to school. In the mornings, and at noons, it is played around by happy youngsters, and in the evenings it is encircled by carollers singing, in its light, the noels of the approaching season.

In fact, it seems but yesterday that Mr. Balthis set up this tall evergreen in front of the Training School, and the boys strung it with lights, and decorated it with ornaments. It presaged the joyous days to come beside the home fireside; it gleamed out in our memory of N. I. S. T. C. during the vacation days, and it greeted us upon our return to "old duties and old friends," linking the year which had gone to the one which was to come.

EVELYN M. BOYD.



Our Christmas Party

Oh, with faces bright, and hearts carefree,
With voices filled with glee,
We sing—

“Merry Christmas!
Joy to thee
And to our faculty!”

Why do we our happy song sing?
One night in bleak December,
One night we'll long remember,
Christmas cheer and fun they brought us,
The Ruggles family
Merry and so gay.

And so we sing—
“Merry Christmas!
Joy to thee
And to our faculty.”

Laughing, shouting, singing we do go
To seek the Christmas spirit,
To see the bright and shining tree
Gay with presents
For you and me

Ho! Ho! There's Santa with cheery smile,
With word and greeting for every child,
With bags of candy,
With pop-corn balls,
(Oh, how good they tasted.)

And how pleasant was the chatter!
Loudly then our voices rang
As we gaily sang.
So with faces bright, and hearts carefree,
With voices filled with glee,
We sing—

“Merry Christmas!
Joy to thee
And to our faculty!”

LOLA F. SCHULZ.

Bring a Can, Get a Can, or Get Canned

Do you remember those mysterious symbols—those hearts and question marks that confronted us on the boards in every class-room two weeks before Christmas? Remember this slogan that we saw sometime later—"Bring a can, get a can or get canned?"

"Have you got a can?"

"Did you bring a can of something?"

"Where's your can?"

"What kind of stuff did you bring? I brought a can of pineapple?"

"Oh, gosh, I forgot mine—I guess I can buy one upstairs. Can't I?"

Such were the remarks that issued from every throat as that Wednesday before Christmas at last arrived, and students began looking around to see if the others were carrying cans too.

"What does it all mean, anyway?" a stranger in our midst asked me while he listened to the din and hub-bub as the students thronged into the auditorium just before General Assembly began.

"It means that the students of the N. I. S. T. C. have found the Christmas spirit. Can't you see them smile as they tramp up the stairs? See how happy they look! That's what old 'Christmas Spirit' does to those who find him.

"Just watch them as they bustle up the aisles and deposit their burdens on the already sagging tables. What's that each one is receiving as he deposits his can on the table? Why, that's a tag which says, 'I am a good fellow'. It means that each one who receives such a tag has donated a can of food to be given to the needy people of DeKalb. Every student is getting a tag, and look at the faculty—they are wearing tags, too.

"There must be nearly four hundred cans on those tables or at least there will be when everyone has deposited his contribution. That certainly ought to bring Christmas cheer into a good many DeKalb homes."

Those secret symbols, a heart and a question mark, interpreted, asked us a question: "Have you a heart?" We answered not in symbols, but in action, and our answer was—YES!

HASWELL SNYDER.



Dramatic Club

In the big room of the ancient art of Drama of the Castle on the Hill, Lyon the Dramatic, and a group of his associates are assembled. Their fame had sped far and near so many were they that were seeking admission to this troupe. They were tested very severely, first in the form of a dramatic reading; secondly, by a test far more severe than the ancient ones, that of abandoning their dignity and illustrating how they learned to skate, how to ride a calf and how to serenade.

The next morning the candidates were encamped around the Bulletin Board and saw the results of the test. Kennedy of the Clever Walk, Skinner of Much Dignity, and Livingston the Popular were the girls, who with Curtiss the Enthusiast, Peterson of Northern Illinois Fame, and Haynes the Talkative, cast their lot with Lundberg the Happy, Cooper the Quiet, Coudrey of Sycamore, Coffey the Athlete, Ackemann of Much Note, Parson the Pretty, Bradt of Town Fame, and Snow of the Broad Grin, the surviving members.

With the troupe complete they rejoiced with Lyon the Dramatic and patiently awaited his will in the "big room of the ancient drama."

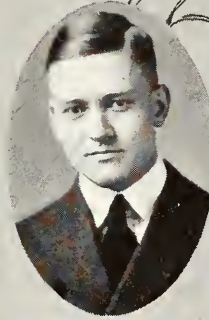
It was not long until he commanded them to better the Castle on the Hill by bringing a little gayety to it and in doing so were to "Stop Thief." Parson the Pretty took the role of an old man handicapped by a dead wife who was Skinner the Dignified. Ackemann of Much Note was a blushing bride. Blushing perhaps, because she was to marry a kleptomaniac, Bradt of Town Fame. Livingston the Popular as Joan Carr, with Peterson of Northern Illinois Fame, as Dr. Willoughby, caught the idea and they, with Snow of the Broad Grin, as a master thief and his "skirt," Kennedy of the Clever Walk, were married. Rev. Sphehan did the job, and under the cloth Haynes the Talkative was recognized. Curtiss the Enthusiast was a dashing young business man and Coffey the Athlete an obedient daughter to Mr. Carr. Then Johnson the carpenter with Camper the Printer and Landis the Scholar represented the law.

The troupe brought not only happiness and gaiety to the "big room," but to the inhabitants of the "Castle on the Hill."

FRED S. HAYNES.



Student Activities Board



M. S. Carter

The Student Activities

A better name for this student organization might be "Students' Delight." What a jolly lot of fun it has been to simply present our books and be admitted to activities at T. C. Many happy memories will remain with us of these red letter days at T. C.

Oct. 7, '21.—One of the first of our student activities entertainers was Ruth Mary Weeks who came to us with a pleasing lecture on "Socializing the Teacher." The unsocialized teacher is a creature to be pitied indeed.

Oct. 14, '21.—Who came to see us October fourteenth? If I were to say, "Many, Many Moons," everyone would remember immediately—Lew Sarett. As one with keen understanding of men and wonderful power of imitation, he introduced us to the Indian and French Canadian. As a lover and poet of the out-of-doors, he gave us a large and most vivid glimpse of nature, and as a man of the big timber he brought us close to all of the wild life hidden there. We went away with the hoot of the owls, the chugging of the frogs, the cry of the wild cat, and the snorting of the moose all ringing in our ears; but clear and compelling above all of this din came the song of the white-throated sparrow: "All-day-long-fiddlin', fiddlin', fiddlin'."

Oct. 21, '21.—Hundreds of us stood in T. C.'s auditorium when Madame Schumann Heink came upon the stage. A warm smile thanked us for our hearty applause. The sweet, rich tones of her voice reached the farthest corners where some of us were sitting. The boy on the stage whose head she patted seemed unaware of the honor, but to us it brought her love of children. Madame Schumann Heink thought it a great joke when the boy stepped on her train and completely won us by her charming laughter.

Nov. 8, '21.—How we laughed that afternoon and evening as the Coffey Miller Players played "The Rivals" and "An Imaginary Invalid" for us! In the afternoon from the time Mrs. Malaprop appeared until she bade us "au reservoir," the auditorium rang with fun. We just had to come again in the evening to see Mrs. Malaprop as Toinette, and Bob Acres as Argon, in the "Imaginary Invalid." What a minx Toinette was and how she did provoke Argon! We went away feeling that we had had a wonderfully good time.



Dec. 5, '21.—"I'm glad to see you, children," was the way we were greeted by Professor S. H. Clark of the University of Chicago. Have you noticed less strife since he left? The fun comes in when you end up in the same place you began.

Jan. 16, '22.—Yes, we all came back to school that Monday evening to hear Skovgaard, the great Danish violinist, and his charming wife, Alice McClung Skovgaard, who accompanied him at the piano. Denmark's greatest violinist was fine, we agree. Another violinist entertained us one morning in General Ex. Students, do you remember her? Miss Dvorak, yes. We are glad our faculty invited her to come to the College for we enjoyed every moment while she played. The echoes of violin music are still hovering around the old gray towers.

Jan. 23, '22.—Have you seen the Ghosts that lie in wait for us since Madame Borgny Hammer and her company of Norwegian players were here? Her deep, rich voice and splendid acting will not be forgotten, although the play did not end "happy ever after."

Feb. 15, '22.—The fifteenth of February,
 In the evening of that day,
 Miss Semple told us of Japan
 In her friendly sort o' way.

 She showed us slides of that busy land
 And of how much thought they give
 To making all the land produce
 That every Jap may live.

Mar. 11, '22.—(Early morning in the auditorium):
 Grant (chuckling)—"Oh, ho! Say, he was good!"
 Logan (across the room)—"Well, my friend, who are you talking about?"
 Grant—"You awake over there? Well, who was that fellow who drew funny pictures?"
 Logan—"Do you mean Alton Packard?"
 Grant—"Alton Packard, that's the man! Ho! Ho! H-ouch! I strained my plaster so that night that I haven't been able to laugh since."
 Logan—"You haven't forgotten his colored pictures, have you? Such a little fisher boy as he drew! It actually gave me the spring fever to watch him lazily shaking his line in the stream. What a real picture the old home made with the couple going down to 'the orchard where the children used to play'."

Grant—"Yes, he was an artist, serious and humorous—Oh, remember this?—'You want what you want when you want it. You get what you want when you grab it. When you've got what you want, you don't want what you've got, when you've got what you want you don't want it'—I wish he had sung the other nine hundred-ninety-nine verses."

Mar. 16, '22.—There was dancing and singing
And oceans of fun,
On our Vod-vil night
Is't not true—everyone?

Mar. 28, '22.—Rah! Rah! Rah! Cornell! We felt like sending some such telegram to Cornell College after their afternoon concert. We were led from the high, sweet tone of the violins to the deep, rich tones of the cello. Once in a while the soft, full chords of the harp blended into the selections. The numbers on the harp, alone, were beautiful.

Apr. 24, '22.—We have heard Werrenrath, the great baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company. A wonderful opportunity—yes, it was, and possible because of the Students' Activities Organization. Those of us who have victrolas will certainly want a record of Reinald Werrenrath's.

OTHER ADVANTAGES OF THE LITTLE TICKET BOOK

I am eight by eleven and not very thick. Sometimes I am one color, then another. I am made up of eleven sections, no one of which could get along without the other ten. The time and patience of many people are needed to keep me in good running order. I am known on the street as well as in the school. I visit each student and others who want me, every month. I am good to look at and better to read. I am the "Northern Illinois."

On April eighteenth the Dramatic Club presented "Stop, Thief!" a three-act farce by Carlyle Moore. The play is a story of the adventures of a thief who gets into a house in which there are two kleptomaniacs. The complications and entanglements which arise from the thief posing as a detective, are highly amusing. The thief, when in a tight place, can "plant" his plunder on the two kleptomaniacs because of his dual personality. A succession of such situations made the play one big laugh from beginning to end.

RUTH KILMER,
RUTH KING.



Shakespeare Playhouse Players

Several motives prompted my looking with great eagerness to the coming of the Shakespeare Playhouse Players. For some seasons I had served Coach Wirtz as revenue collector when we had our summer school performances of classic plays. Standing at the back of the audience I always had a double pleasure: seeing the play and watching Mr. Gilbert laugh. Well, taking Mr. Wirtz's place as manager in no way interfered with the same sources of amusement.

Elsie Hearndon, who had delighted our audiences with her beautiful reading of lines and set Mr. G.'s shoulders dancing when she attempted to put Sir Andrew "a foul way out,"—was not Miss Hearndon to be here again?

To have seen this play before—once, twice, even three times—only intensifies the anticipation. How will the interpretation compare with that heard on former occasions? What surprises will this company bring us? Even if the presentation could be the same, the audience is different. The audience, hm! Will Miss New-comer get that point and Miss First-timer get this one? Oh, look at Mr. S., he really seems to be with the three behind the box-tree watching the trout caught with tickling . . . And that Mr. B! What did he pay his money for? He hasn't laughed yet! I wonder if it's modesty? Or poverty—of brains, I mean. If it wasn't haughty, I'd thank my stars I am not as other men—at least, I wouldn't want to pay my money for being tickled and then not know when it happened. The audience is new and to go to the play of our summer school is a real experience.

C. L. L.



*"Ah happy days of long ago, for gentleness
and grace renowned,
When folk were dignified and slow, and made
the bow profound."*



*"See now the courtly youth advance,
Note silken hose and buckled shoe,
Observe the ardor of his glance
Despite the stately queue
With dimpling smile she sees him bow,
Her dainty figure, small and trim, is poised to court'sy now."*

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF ONE OBADIAH QUIRK,
BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY RECENT RESEARCH

I myself think highly of the birthday of the great Washington, not so much on account of the remarkable cherry tree episode and his excellent record for truth, or the dignity and presence of his character, or even because he was the "Father of His Country," although for these I accord him all due respect and honor and would think little of anyone who did not. I enjoy Washington's birthday because he affords such an opportunity for dames and maids to rummage about in the attic, through old trunks and dusty corners and unearth wearing apparel and various accessory articles of adornment used only upon such by-gone occasions. I like to revel in the way my grand dame looked and observe the antique contour of the lines; not that our fashions of today are any less individual than these. I have always believed that maids of my day could cause quite as much stir by entering a social group composed of my grandmother's friends, as she could hope to accomplish by entering a twentieth century gathering in her style of apparel. I have never verified this fact. I have taken it for granted. I enjoy the occasion too because of the rank and position which the costume lends the wearer. No other can rise to the dignity and honor of the position of "First President of the United States," but we can, quoting from the ancient philosophers, "walk in his boots." I like the idea of the old-fashioned dances, the Minuet, Virginia Reel, and other square dances that lend color to any group that hath charms. The visages of my erstwhile companions delight me—the demure little lady with the pink fan. The couple who a few hours before toddled gaily to "The Sheik," now sedately step the "Rye Waltz." Ladies with powdered hair and gentlemen bewigged and beruffled, all promenade gracefully about. One dashing hero gaily dances the buckle off his shoe. At which time I enjoy the humor of the situation as well as the dignity of the recovery. Methinks I have never seen a more pleasing sight than the Grand March led by the distinguished faculty. All this makes me, I confess, admire the great General Washington, and, that the grandeur of his birthday be not lost, adhere to the pleasant custom of the "Washington Party."

DORIS GOODWILL.



Say!

We're the girls that have the pep,
We're the girls that have the rep—
We're the girls that make the fun;
We're the girls that make you hum,
We're "the girls" as you can see
We're the girls at old T. C.
We're the girls that earned our way,
We're the girls of W. A. A.

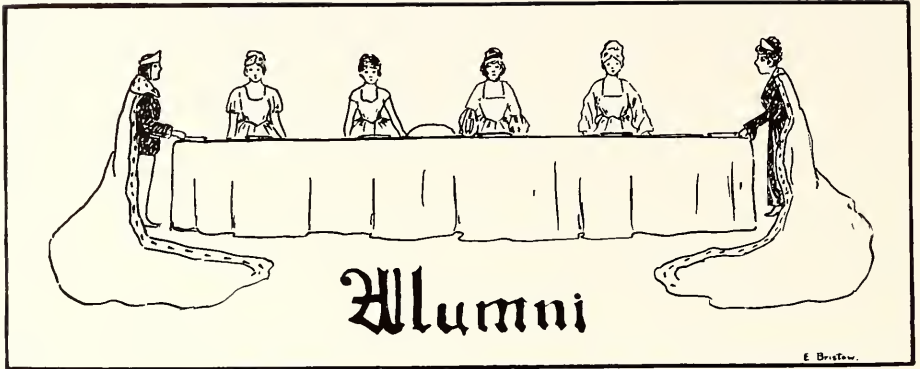
J. L. C.



H. A. C.

The H. A. C. girls are a fine group to meet
 In their immaculate aprons so white and so neat.
 The serving of banquets, they perform with great skill,
 Showing excellent training and a spirit of good-will.
 The good things of the Lunch Room have won them great fame,
 To serve food at cost is always their aim.
 Oft times in the foyer, they have candy to sell,
 The results are the same, they always do well.
 As the year passes on, their duties increase,
 Dinners, banquets, displays—will the work never cease?
 No matter how busy, they never say no,
 And sorry they are to see the year go.
 They meet now and then to have a good time,
 Picnics, hikes, and wiener roasts are quite in their line.
 The letters H. A. C. have a meaning not alarming
 Household Arts Club
 Handsome
 Active, and
 Charming.

GLADYS JACKMAN.



Our Alumni! Two thousand one hundred twenty-six of them and one hundred thirty to come this summer. Distributed from New York to California, from Florida to Washington, From Minnesota to Texas; to Hawaii and the Philippines; to China and India; to South America and Africa! Where they are Alma Mater abides. There may not be a "Northern Normal" pennant on the wall, the "Northern Illinois" may or may not lie on the table. But there surely will be memories and affections, thoughts and purposes, inspirations and aspirations which stretch as living cords back to "the old gray towers," the "Castle on the Hill," in loving, vital connection. And every Alumnus may be sure that there are "return wires" always in working order—and always working. Alma Mater rejoices in her children, content in the assurance that her message does indeed "carry far."

What are the Alumni doing? The world's work. In school rooms bright with the glowing faces of children and youth, theirs is the "voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day"; in editorial chairs, they are forming and wielding public opinion; in the university laboratories, they are seeking out new truths to enlighten and enrich life; in industry and commerce, they are adapting new gears to the wheels of progress; in agriculture, they are helping the farmer to find and occupy the place to which his resources of wealth, his intelligence and his character entitle him; they have penetrated "the dark places of the earth where the habitations of cruelty are," carrying "sweetness and light"; they are in homes, sound American homes, exercising "the hand that rules the world."

Through you, dear Alumni, Alma Mater rejoices to believe that her traditions, her ideals, in all these diverse fields, are helping to



leaven the earth with righteousness, with happiness, with faith, and hope and love. To your hearts she sounds again the old familiar words, "Consent to be the organ of your own best thought, and lo! you have put all men in your debt and are become the fountain of an energy that goes pulsing with waves of benefit to the borders of society, to the circumference of things."

"And now, we live, if you stand fast in the faith."

NEWELL DARROW GILBERT.

In June when roses fragrant
Perfume the summer breeze,
Both here and there are loyal hearts—
E'en far across the seas.

They are our true Alumni,
In thought still with us ling'ring
Within our castle walls,
Or round the campus straying.

They seem to tread the flower edged paths
Which we today have trodden;
They wander by the quiet lake,
Unseen, but not forgotten.

Each returning June doth see,
Leaving our castle gray,
A class of loyal alumni,
To them "God Speed," we say.

VIOLETTE BURSTATTE.

We, The School "Marms"

When one has had all those experiences with Billy, Tommy and Nelly—there's no doubt of that he becomes a more experienced person. But, though Tommy does get into the most agonizing scrapes, he's an adorable youngster. And Stanley, even though he invariably spells "their" with an "ie," still his grave efforts to work busily during study hours make him an appealing bit of rascality. As for Mamie—a pert "stewed prune-prism" little lady, what would one do without her? When "teacher" has asked "the question" of the class, and everyone is hopelessly befuddled, straightway comes this solemn little personage and begins her little ovation that sets the minds of the rest of the youngsters at rest.

There are the days when one goes home feeling that worth while work has been done. There are the youngsters (bless 'em), always radiating that gladsome spirit of childhood, and making us, too, seek out the sunshine.

And so, as we start out for our day's work these balmy, spring mornings aware of the new life beginning to manifest itself once more in its myriad forms, is it strange that we should feel a new vigor and a secret happiness within our innermost selves?

S. E. ZITEK.

"Marco Galiena and Marco Scartozzi may sweep the floor. Mary Giantomasso and Mary Naro may dust the erasers and the rest of you may go home." Thus having the impending riot partially under control I will tell you something of Chicago Heights.

Our first year hasn't been quite as we expected it to be. Each one of us has sufficient material for a "Myra Kelly's" book. Names are nothing to us now. We can pronounce anything, be it Pappajikos, Naschetti, Damianai or Papathanasiow. If Aldino Napolonii comes to school drunk we can tactfully get rid of him. If Walentine Juscycyk eats garlic for breakfast every day and brings the odor to school we suggest a change of clothing, or a bath, and dispense with him until lunch time—when he probably has garlic again and appears in the same clothes, minus a bath.

It hasn't been all work though. We have had a pay check every month and weekly trips to the city. Then there are the children. There are anywhere from thirty to fifty negroes, Italians, Polacks, Lithuanians, Jews and Mexicans all ready to love you.

CLAIRE M. LYON, '21.



What a New Alumnus Thinks About

Nearly five dollars for a round trip ticket? Well, I'm glad I saved that out of my month's salary. Don't see the girls in the waiting room. Then we won't wait any longer for it's time to dash for the train if we expect to make it. O, there! I see the rest of the crowd. Saved seats for us too, bless their hearts.

Seems good to see the girls together again. Baggage doesn't take up as much room as our suitcases used to. Gossip, gossip! The girls seem to have dropped the role of teachers for this occasion. Just a few more lusty voices added to our increasing enthusiasm and we'd be singing school songs.

Wonder if there are more of our clan abroad. The girls must be right. The woman across the aisle is bringing the baby to show the undergraduates a realistic example of psychological processes. All of the passengers are classified now, I think. What ho! One lady we missed—back seat—heading down the aisle with one eye on us.

Good heavens! Heard us from the back of the car and thought we were going to DeKalb. That's why everyone has been looking at us. I thought it was our new clothes. Oh, she's an old time Alumnus and wants us to show her around. Glad to. Married? Didn't bring her husband. Well, that's one on us. One thing we forgot to buy with our first money. DeKa-a-lb!

Well remembered aren't we? A member of the faculty and his car to meet us.——Bell's Restaurant for a T-bone steak. Brings back memory of the last one we enjoyed here. Recollection is so vivid I think steak might be of the same cut——Old Time Alumnus sits across the table from us. My steak is getting cold. Waiter, keep your distance. Your face may take on a familiar look.

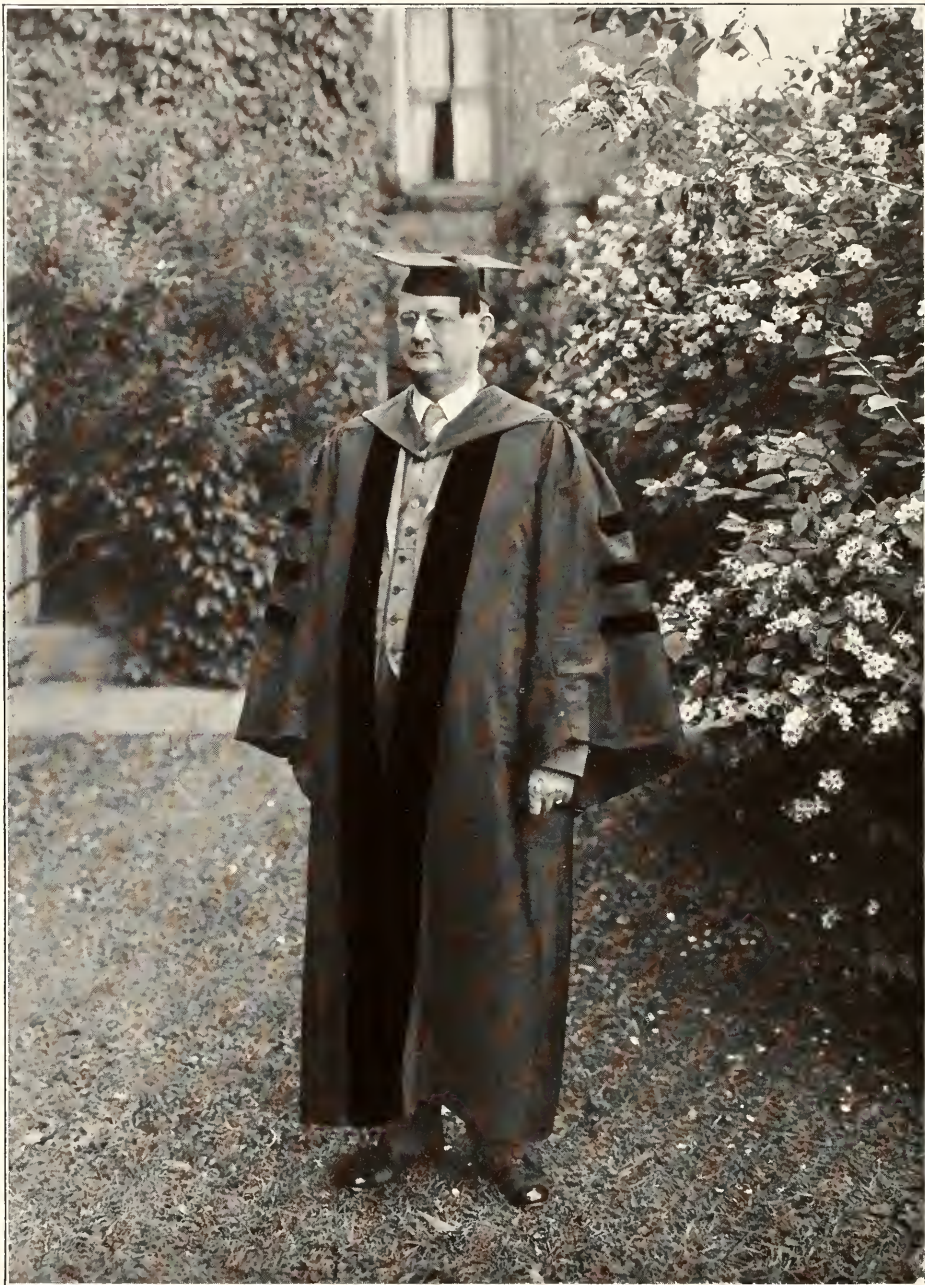
My money is dwindling. Good old Lincoln Highway. What's that? O. T. A. standing still, gazing at the opposite of the street. Somebody's dry goods store stood there years and years ago——why stop the procession? I want to see the girls at the dormitory.

Hurry! Hurry! The girls are embracing somebody. Can't miss all the fun. Just as jolly as ever. Isn't she? O. T. A. seems to expect a greeting too. Sorry, the faculty will be glad to see you.

Same school—glad rejoicing—same receiving line. Losing our self conceit. Faculty glad to see us, but have divided their attention since last June. Girls look downcast. Can't be helped, though it does give one a jolt after being the center of interest so long.

All over—time to go home. Can scarcely wait till I get there.

MARY OWINGS.





Happy hours 'neath these towers
 Mark our progress toward a goal.
 Armed with knowledge, hope and truth,
 Dauntless gaiety of youth,
 For the future we enroll.
 High ideals and aims inspire,
 Send to strengthen our desire
 For a life that's fine and true.

Alma Mater, though we part,
 You've a place in every heart.
 Watchful guardian that you are,
 May you guide us from afar.

Aspirations speed us onward,
 Lead us into conquests new.
 Striving, toiling, we'll recall
 Scenes we cherish most of all.
 Mem'ries rare and friendships, too,
 Fill our hearts with happy zeal,
 Are incentives that reveal
 Worth of daily tasks sincere.



“Nothing But the Truth”

In thinking back, and enjoying last year's memories, we agree that “Nothing But the Truth,” as presented by last year's august seniors, deserves honorable mention. Nothing but the truth—you say it sounds easy? Perhaps we, too, thought so when the curtain rose, but I am sure not one of us would care to go through the suffering and agony that Elvin Byers found necessary in order to tell the truth. Helen Larson's singing and her impossible hats helped to make his life miserable. How unbearable to have Gilbert Booth at one's elbow cautioning one to “tell the truth!” We all hope Kenneth Faxon realized that his calling is the ministry. Who would have thought that a pious bishop could go tearing madly about demanding his money?

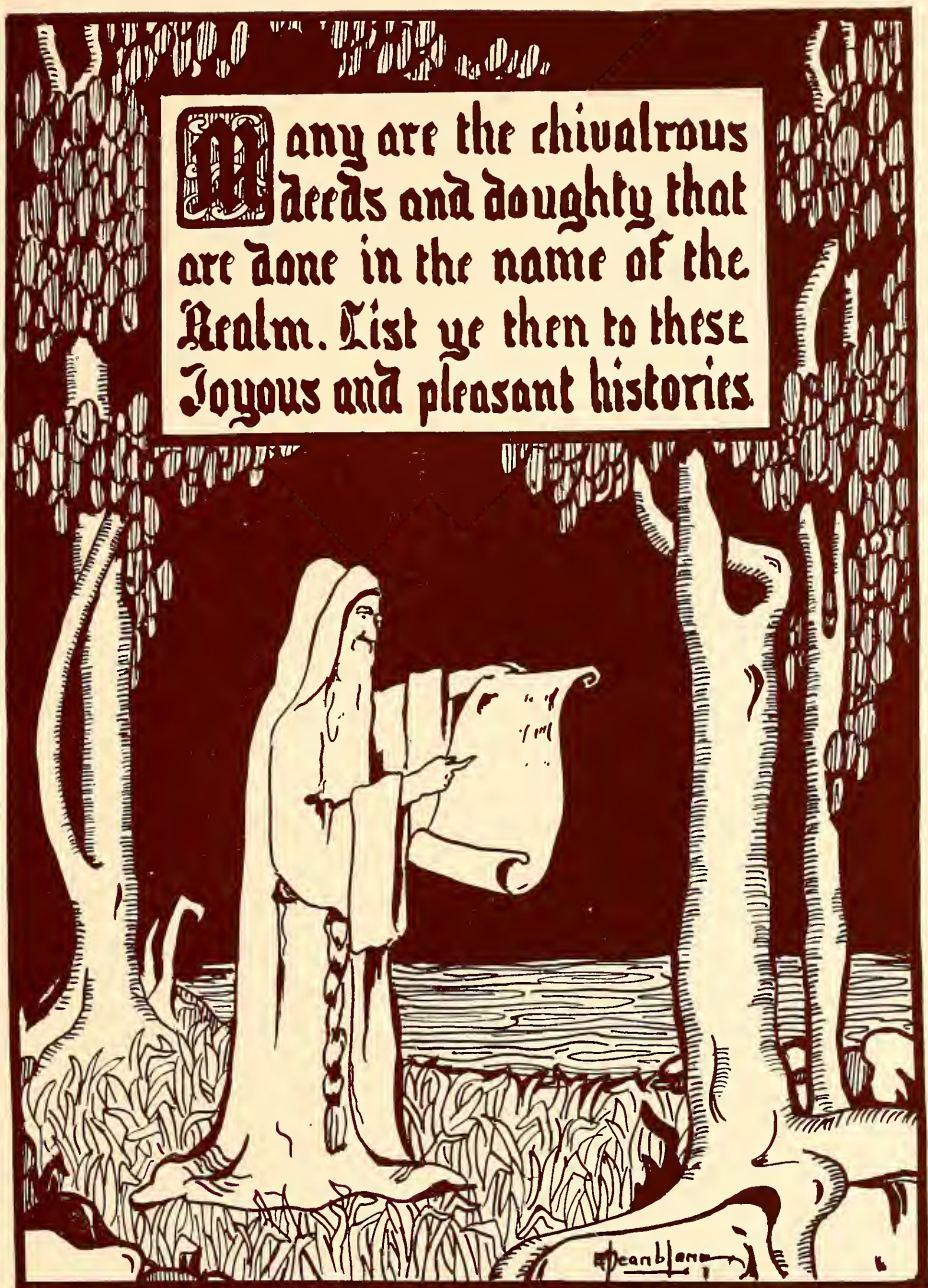
How Clair Lyon serenely played through it all unconscious of the predicament in which she placed the truthful Byers in the effort to double her money for the orphan asylum. The funniest part of the play was that in which Dorothy Hagadone and Wilma Jordan, those good, studious girls, took the part of the vamps. Could they vamp? They did everything but smoke, and it would not have surprised us a bit if they had done that. The earrings, gum, short skirts, rouge, big hats, and the rest were a revelation. Altogether it was an evening of the merriest comedy.

GRACE BOARDMAN.





Many are the chivalrous
deeds and doughty that
are done in the name of the
Realm. List ye then to these
Joyous and pleasant histories





In days of old, when knights were bold,
 With coat of mail, and spear,
Grim castles frowned from wall and tower;
They only spoke of warlike power,
 And oft of wrong and fear.
But our dear "Castle on a Hill"
From every tower smiles good will,
And tells of Wisdom's power
That's hastening the day of right's true sway
 Through all our land so dear.

DALLAS GREGORY.



Our Indian Summer Campus

In our woods the birds are drumming,
Drumming bright October's coming;
October with his crimson wiles,
With his scarlet wreathed smiles,
Alluring to his dreamy haunts,
To his water-mirrored haunts.
Alluring little squirrel gay,
Squirrel in his coat of gray,
Happy, busy little beggar,
Storing food for winter weather;
Storing from October's treasure
Bounties rare and without measure.



The grassy fringe of the lake is kissed,
Kissed to gold by a sunny mist;
The sunny mist that comes with dawn,
Precursor of a glorious morn;
Announcing to the world below,
To October's world below,
The mellowness of new-born day,
A mellowness that makes one pray;
Great Spirit of this languid splendor,
Teach thy children to homage render,
To render praise unto the Hand
That paints such summers in our land!

DOROTHY MAILLETT.





Awaiting the coming of springtime,
Awaiting the time of year
When each shrub and tree in its glory
Spreads beauty far and near.
Soon this calm, still lake will mirror
A scene which is different far,
For the coming of the springtime
Brings a beauty which nothing can mar.

EVELYN LOUISE KING.



*Again 'tis spring, and the warm sun looks boldly
through the opening leaves,
While slender lady mandrakes lift green parasols
to hide their dainty faces from his gaze.*

JESSIE R. MANN.



The busy, noisy buzz of the day has ceased, only the drowsy hum of night creatures can be heard among the perfumed flowers. From the gray castle walls droop the dark green, waxy wreaths of ivy, the fairy homes of chattering birds who slowly give their good night twitterings, and then are hushed in sleep. From the forest glade come the clear, sweet tones of an evening bird's song, a prayer to his Creator for all this world so fair.

VIOLETTE BURSTATTE.

The Founding of The Castle on the Hill

It befell in the early days of that peerless realm, Illinois, that a mighty and wicked monster, yclept Ignorance, stalked through the peaceful countryside, slaying the natives by scores. The Wise Lords of the realm were sore troubled by the depredations of this monster so they called an assembly to be held in the Castle of the Ruler of the Realm. Now these Good Lords were valiant men and passing wise and they saw that many mighty and brave knights must be trained who could go out and conquer the powerful monster. So these Valiant Men sought in all parts of the realm for a place to build a fortress in which people might prepare for knighthood. But for many days they sought in vain, for this Castle, they said, must have a raging river around it as a protection against the powerful Ignorance, and this they could not find.

It so happened that there were two rival cities in the rich and fertile North Country, that, hearing of the search, desired greatly to have the Castle built on their lands. And they fell to quarreling as to which city should have the Castle. But this thing they both forgot them, that there was no river near them, but only a quiet little brook, the Kishwaukee. When word was received that the Lords were drawing nigh to one of the cities, the City Fathers bethought them that there was no river in their city; so they sent for the Wise One of the region. When he had come and had heard their perplexities he advised them thus: "When the Rulers of the Realm draw nigh do you go and turn all the water which flows from the City Well into this quiet little brook and it will become a raging torrent." The City Fathers saw that this was good, for they knew that they could protect the Castle without a river.

And so it came to pass that when the Wise Lords were a few hours journey from the city the City Fathers turned the water from the Well into the quiet little brook and it became a roaring river. It happened, however, that before the Lords were come unto the city that a fierce tempest arose and they were forced to delay their journey until it was over, and when they reached the city the river had subsided until it was only a quiet little brook. So they resumed their journey.

When the other city, which was the strong and powerful DeKalb, heard that the searching party was drawing nigh, it too, remembered that there was no river on its lands, but only a quiet little brook. So the City Fathers of DeKalb met and decided to send for the Wise One. He, when he had heard their difficulties, advised them in this manner: "When the Searchers draw nigh unto the



city do you turn all the water which flows from the large City Well into this Kishwaukee and it will become a raging torrent." So when word was received that the Seaching Party was drawing nigh, the City Fathers turned all the water from the large City Well into the quiet Kishwaukee so that when the Lords arrived they beheld a raging torrent. Now, when they saw this they were filled with joy and they said, "Let us seek no further." And they straightway caused a huge and strong Castle to be built, which the citizens of DeKalb swore to protect with their lives.

So well did the Knights, who were trained in this Castle, acquit themselves that Ignorance withdrew from the field. He did not give up his nefarious work, however, and to this day he plies his trade, with much stealth, through the country, and such is the fear of the people for this monster that even yet knights are trained in the Castle to keep this Monster subdued.

RALPH WHITTAKER.

Shop Talk

Two saws buzz and the glue boils. Hammers crash and benches squeak under the severe strains of the strong arms in the wood-working class. At five minutes after eight Oberg and Snow cautiously sneak in rubbing their eyes. The glue pot boils dry and "Red" and Camper, who have the nearest bench to it, seem to think the odor rather nauseating. Every bench is filled and every one is busy, but through it all "Sid" whistles.

"All right, Sid. Save that and cultivate it," suggests Mr. Harrison, commonly known as "Lefty." His attention is immediately drawn to "Pinkey" Best, who is trying to sing "I Ain't Nobody's Darling." "All right, Pinkey, we can get along without that."

So it goes until Red and Camper get into an argument about last Saturday's football game. They in turn are silenced by Mr. Harrison.

Various articles of furniture are in the process of construction all over the shop. One may find anything from a simple pair of book ends to an elaborate dressing table. "Happy" is making a medicine cabinet suited to hold anything in bottles, he says. Fat Keefe took his shoe shining box home Friday and came back Monday with a new suit of clothes. Wilkinson has advanced from the rustic seat to a fine costumer with wooden hooks and everything.

The first bell rings and everyone conscientiously stops working. This being Monday, "Lefty" delivers his short talk on matters of routine. The bell rings, and the class is dismissed automatically.

CARTER A. GLIDDEN.





The Ivy

The ivy! How we love it and watch it as it changes! In the early autumn, dark green leaves of somber hue hide the gray walls of the castle. The leaves glisten in the sunlight; they ripple in the breeze. Birds dart out from nests behind protective foliage. Then, some morning, there is a patch of red; soon, other patches of bright colors appear. They grow until the whole building is one mass of flaming reds. The colors fade and the leaves fall. The bare dark branches cling to the stone and show the gray walls through their network. All through the winter their presence gives promise of the beauty hoarded for the spring. Spring comes. The grass grows greener and greener. The brown buds on the trees burst, and the tiny green leaves appear. We watch eagerly for the ivy leaves, and, at last, we find a few pale leaves. Each day we find more of the tiny leaves. They grow larger and darker. Delicate tendrils of paler green reach higher and higher toward the towers. Once more the ivy covers the gray walls of our castle with the glinting green leaves.

VERA TROYER.

The Library

THE OTHER day
I VISITED
THE TEACHERS College
AND I went into a room
THAT WAS filled
WITH BOOKS and students
AND ALL the walls
WERE LINED with books
AND ON one side of the room
WAS A fireplace
AND OVER the fireplace
BROODED THE spirit
OF THE man who had given
THE FUNDS for the room
AND ON either side
WERE ROWS of tables
WITH MAIN Street running
DOWN through the middle
AND I sat down
AT A table
THAT SEEMED very popular
AND I wondered if
THE CHAIRS at this table
WERE MORE comfortable
OR WHAT it was
THAT MADE it so popular
BUT JUST then
I NOTICED the newspapers
AND CEASED my wondering
WHILE I looked at the head

OF THE fellow beside me
AND A girl came in
WITH HAIR like a full moon
AND SAT down beside him
AND HE smiled
AND SHE smiled
AND THEY both began
TO TALK about
A PARTY in the Gym
AND I knew by the way
HE COUGHED and fidgeted
THAT HE was just ready
TO POP the question
AND ASK her to go
WHEN A sedate lady
TAPPED HIS shoulder
AND SAID that the Library
WAS NOT the place
FOR CONSULTATION
AND I thought to myself
THAT DEEP in his heart
HE MUST be angry
TO THINK that thus
HE HAD had his courage
AS WELL as his date
KNOCKED ON the head
BUT THEY just smiled
AND READ their newspapers
I THANK you

HELEN MAE HORAN.



His Majesty

By the shores of dear Kishwaukee,
Raised a little on the hillside,
Stands the castle, gray and handsome,
Stands supreme in all his glory;
Clothed in all his shining garments—
Ivy, green and red and yellow,
Climbing to his towers and turrets,
Swaying in the autumn breezes;
Ivy, whispering as it swings there
Of the great deeds of its master.

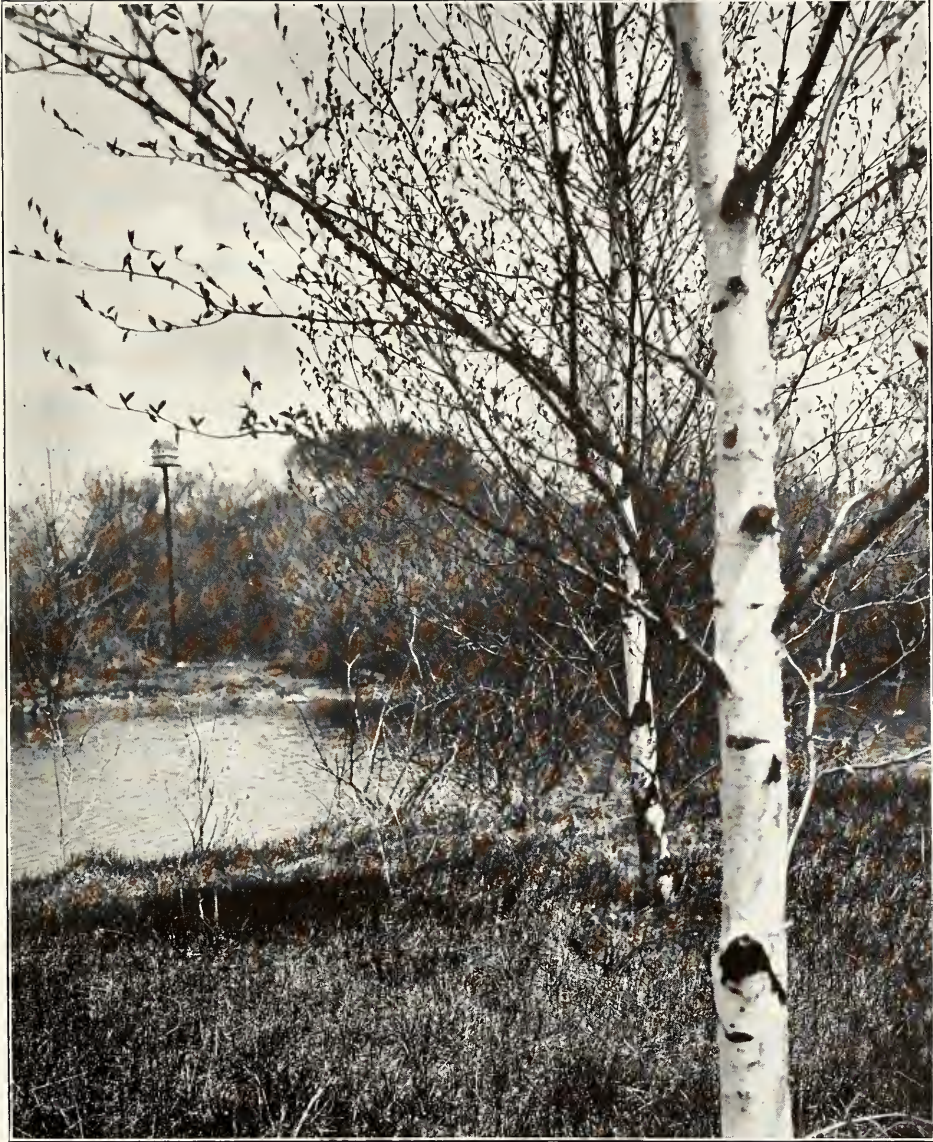
Like an Indian chief he stands there,
Clothed in garments red and yellow,
Guide and ruler of the people,
Always ready to direct them;
And his head is lifted proudly,
Looking over all the country,
Viewing field and town and city.
Master of them all, he stands there,
Stands in all his autumn splendor,
Stands as king of all—the College.

EDITH JEANBLANC.



The clear, deep azure of the sky with just a
tinge of pink
Like the soft glow of evening when the sun
begins to sink—
The birds' subdued carols like a murmur full
of rest,
The shadows on the Campus, through the
woods on the west,
All awake a glow of happiness; but the thrill
soon gives way
To a deeper, sadder feeling. Only a glad
spring day!
But oh, the joy! The richness of our deep
content!
For it is all our own. Use it for merriment
We may—or reverence. But enjoy it while
we may.

HAZEL COLBY.



Hidden from sight, but awaiting the stroller is many a nook of beauty. All is quiet and restful except a constant flutter and tweet of birds.

ORAL HAGGERTY.



The High Assembly

Thrice each week, the good king of the Castle on the Hill was wont to have all of his subjects assemble in his court room in order that he might make known unto them his will that they might do it, and so that he might hear of their grievances and of their desires.

Now the castle was provided with a great bell which was used to summon the people on the certain days; and when the appointed hour of the clock was come and the great bell was rung, from every corner of the place the worthy subjects hastened. And whether they had been at their sewing or weaving or spinning in one of the highest turrets of the castle, or whether they had been busy with their music in some other high turret, or whether they were at cooking or at printing or at reading, whether they were here or there doing this or that, they left whatever they had busied themselves with and hurried to the big room where they seated themselves and waited to hear what was to be said.

Around the king there sat a number of knights and ladies who were his worthy friends and advisors and before he spoke to the assembly of all, he very often chose to counsel with some of those about him.

True it was that in most things the king of the Castle on the Hill was considerate and gracious, but there were some things which displeased him very much, and, although he never became wholly wroth, yet he would sometimes make decrees much to the discomfort and displeasure of some of his subjects. One of the things which very early came to his notice was the fact that some few of his people, when they heard the bell which called them to the court room, would disregard it and so would not be present at his meetings. And deeming them important enough for everyone to attend, and fearing that the persons who needed to come most were the ones who remained away, he set himself to thinking how the condition could be remedied. In due season he decided upon a plan whereby he could tell whether or not everyone attended. First, he had drawn up a list of the names of all of his subjects, and everyone—from the oldest to the youngest, from the fattest to the leanest, from the dullest to the wisest—had his name put upon the great sheet. Then did the king choose one of his noblest knights—Lyon by name—to make and keep a chart upon which were placed the names of all of the subjects, and then were the subjects given their seats in the assembly according to the chart. There was a punishment fixed to be dealt out to all who dared thereafter disregard the call of the bell. And so it was that unless a man could offer a nice excuse, he did not stay away.



Therefore, on Monday, on Wednesday, and on Friday of each week, the knights and ladies would all come trooping into the great room—some of the ladies in bright, gay gowns, others in dull ones; some with high coiffures, some with their hair cut off to agree with the fashion of the day; some of the knights swarthy, some fair—but in they all came, eager to hear what was going to be said and to be off again and about their tasks.

Every day there was something to do and often the subjects wondered how the king and his advisors could manage to provide enough to fill the hours. But they always did.

One time would the king read or tell long lists of things that were displeasing in his sight and that would bring punishment to all those who indulged therein even to the degree that they might be sent out of the castle entirely; on another day, perhaps after the castle's athletes had been victorious in the games, would the king ask them to pass in review before the whole multitude and then would great shouting and loud singing fill the room 'till the walls fairly shook. At one time a stranger to the court, who had come, perchance from some distant city and happened along the highway at the time, would come and speak before the people; or maybe he might play for them on some instrument, or entertain or instruct them in some other way; or at another time, might some of the king's own advisors tell the subjects of this or of that which went on in the world at the time. Occasionally the whole time was made the people's own and they spent it as they chose, some having goods to sell, some having requests to make. There were certain of them who had a deal more to say than others, but the weaker ones were content to sit by and listen. One day the time was spent learning and singing songs which the court poet—one Annas—had written; the next day the court jester would, with much waving of arms and head, attempt to teach the multitude something new to shout at the games. On still another day would one of the king's advisors or one of the subjects be chosen to announce a ball or a play to which all the occupants of the castle were invited. Then were they all overjoyed and would give vent to their happiness by the wildest and most enthusiastic of hand clapping.

And so it went on from day to day—always the bell, always the hastening of the people, always something to see or hear or do, and then always the raising of the good king's hands (which was a sign that the meeting was at an end) and always the rushing of the subjects back to their tasks or their dinners as the case might be. And so it may continue through the years farther into the future than we can see.

EUNICE A. BUTLER.

The Iris

Alone in a quiet spot it grew,
And its bed was the tender and new green grass.
Violet and purple and deepest blue,
The Iris, its fairy-like petals unfurled.

Sheathed all around by green pointed shafts,
That valiantly keep it from harm,
Dear lovely thing! So dewy and sweet,
What secret is held in thy true-blue heart?

ROBERTA MAXEY, '21.

An Evening In May

An evening in May, is't more perfect than day,
When tired green earth is at rest?
An anxious small twitter, a reply even sweeter,
From Robin Redbreast and his mate.
Clear girlish voices, and happy small noises,
Quickened young laughter and sudden songs;
Way in the West, so calm and at rest,
Farm houses cameoed 'gainst opal pink sky;
Pearly gray cloud wisps hang over it all—
An evening in May, is't more perfect than day?

ROBERTA MAXEY, '21.



Our Lights

Coming along the highway from the west, one sees lights—myriads of lights—on the campus. There are rows of lights; there are groups of lights; there are solitary lights. One thinks of Wordsworth's daffodils, "tossing their heads in sprightly dance." The driveway from the highway to the College compels attention, for the two rows of frosted brilliance say:

*"Look well at us.
We are the forerunner of greater beauty,
For we guide you to the Temple of Knowledge.
Behold our stately dwelling."*

The lights in the windows of the dormitory are mystic. They shine forth with ready radiance. They twinkle in the distance with hints of laughter and they tell us

*"We aid each humble learner.
We unite to happy comradeship
All those who live herein."*

The lights around the College are flickering. They seem to laugh and say

*"School of Northern Illinois,
In your shadows, glad youth dwells.
Glad are we to shine far out
To welcome all who enter,
To gladden each returning
To the Castle on the Hill."*

All this can one see and hear from the sparkling lights shining on the campus from the lake to the shadows around our mother College.

HAZEL COLBY.



Now In the Library

Now someone bangs the library door. Before the doors are opened in the morning people invariably try to enter through the right hand side of the library. It is almost eight o'clock, and the person with a reserve book rushes in and drops the book on the desk and retreats down the steps with a hop, skip and a jump. Silence now, golden silence. Now the doors are opened, eliminating one source of disturbance. A few students who do not have eight o'clocks straggle to the table strewn with newspapers. Now they read the headlines and "Andy Gump" and "Bringing Up Father." Now a boy, late to his eight o'clock, strides through the library to a room in the east corridor.

Now the daily routine has started. Now a member of the faculty is reading a magazine, seated in the chair between the magazine rack and the window. Her feet scarcely touch the floor. The history professor hurries to his table of reserve books, selects one and goes back to his room. Now the tall, pallid youth seats himself opposite one of the popular senior girls, much to the amusement of her friends. Now the familiar step of the art teacher does not disturb the students, it is so well known. The instructor of composition dips his pen into the red ink and decorates the efforts of some poor junior. Now the high school boy, who just recently graduated into long trousers, looks up from his book to watch the senior girls. Now a bobbed haired junior re-reads a letter from Illinois, then gazes out of the window. Now a girl, wearing a borrowed sweater, decides that she needs a reserve book, which is really an excuse to attract attention, especially that of one certain person. Now the dapper son of the mathematics teacher goes to the small desk near the fireplace and looks over the exchange papers. Now the girl of one of the steady couples of the school goes to the stack room, followed closely by her shadow. Now a bunch of girls carry on an excited conversation, keeping one eye on the librarian so they can pretend to study when she looks at them. Now an alumnus rushes to the library desk and greets the librarian profusely. The girls do not worry about their risk until the graduate leaves the library. Now through the east door the history teacher laboriously wheels a squeaky cart, similar to a tea cart, containing reference books. Such a combination of squeaky, squeaky, scraping noises. Now one who is forbidden the privilege of sitting in the library peers through the door to beckon to her chum. Now a bell rings and twenty to thirty students saunter down the midway laughing and talking. So the day passes with its lapses of quiet between the noise.

RUTH O'CONNOR.



Bits of Wisdom

A diploma in the hand is worth two on the way.

"Get wise," saith the faculty, or "Remain ignorant."

Study and the college stands with you,
Flunk and you stand alone.
Midnight oil and a bit of toil
Are good for a fertile soil.

"Beware of the second of June,"
So saith the good Dr. Brown.
"All wishing to wear a cap and gown
Beware of the second of June."

Blessed is he that speaketh good language,
for he shall enter the kingdom of wisdom;
but cursed is he that heedeth not this, for
he shall be severed from this institution.

A cure to all students subject to insomnia:
Enroll in History class.

Dancing lends grace and charm to all who partake. A sudden change in step develops the body. The vertex of the body becomes an equilateral triangle with arms extended in the opposite directions and the legs perpendicular to the feet at the base, never coinciding unless making way to a similar body of the same dimensions.

A word to the library friends: Never take a book when the librarian is in sight. Always return it two hours before she starts to look for it.

When a Melodie Boy has forgotten his note,
He makes a noise as though a crumb stuck
in his throat.

Psychological problematical situation—
How shall we achieve thinking?

Nature study is to the students as Mann
is to Nature.

VIOLA LINDELL.

From the Highway

What think the travelers passing by
Who see the splendor of our gates?
"What do those buildings hold?" they cry,
"Some orphans, scholars, or inmates?"

"The home for those of feeble mind,"
Says one old man who does not know.
Another says, "'Tis for the blind."
But why the lights, if that is so?

They're not far wrong, these passers-by;
For in this place upon the hill
All kinds of folks the Arts do ply,
Of mind, of strength, or manly skill.

CHARLES BRADT.





Extracts from the Diary of the Rev. James B. Sprinkle

(Concerning the place called Lincoln Inn)

Thursday, October 10, 3:00 p. m.—Arrived this day in the city of DeKalb, a thriving settlement on the banks of the mighty Kishwaukee. A pleasant city. Many large factories are here. Also a large school where teachers are trained.

7:00 p. m.—To dinner, after which I walked down the principal street to see the sights. On this stroll I passed a public house which greatly pleased my fancy by reason of its pleasant interior, the which I glimpsed through large windows. Stopped at this place on the way back to my lodgings, being weary from my walk, and drank a coco cola. A pleasant place to spend the evening, because of the pretty girls and care-free boys who are always there.

10:00 p. m.—Home and to bed. Very tired.

October 11, A. M.—Visited the Teachers College where I saw many teachers in the making. P. M.—Spent the afternoon and evening at the public house which I learned went by the name of the Lincoln Inn.

In the evening there were many students from the Teachers College who were frolicking because they would have no studies the next day, it being Saturday. They consumed much ice cream and kept everyone in the place in high spirits by reason of their merri-ment. These students would drop many nickels in a large box which would then break forth in sweet melody. Thereat they would all jump from their seats and go through the series of movements which I have observed to be much in vogue with the young people of this country. The students seemed not to like unseemly hours, for by ten of the clock or shortly thereafter they all had left. Tomorrow I set out for Malta, a peaceful little village some few miles to the west. To bed about 11:00.

RALPH WHITTAKER.



The Griffins on the Tow'r

It was night; the moon was rising
From behind the tow'rs of gray.
Its mellow beams were glancing
And its silvery moonbeams dancing
Round the griffins as they sat there
Watching o'er the tow'rs of gray.

Silent, motionless they sit there,
These stone griffins on the tow'r,
And their watch they're ever keeping
Tho the world below is sleeping,
Wrapped in the majestic splendor
Of the moon behind the tow'r.

JEAN WILSON.





The Children's World

There is a Children's World, where one must be a child to be a citizen. Tho other people live here, they are only guides, for children rule. Life and activity are everywhere. Flowers spring up in the windows and ferns stretch out toward the light. The chalk scurries across the board, and the erasers beat a happy tattoo. The very air is fresh and everything moves with brightness.

Even a little clay bunny, a little Third Grade bunny, one day, pricked up his ears, shook them, and hopped—actually hopped. Full of curiosity he bounded straight through a large opening in the wall. "My! what a place!" he thought, and peered eagerly about. Children were writing such curious figures on the board. Not able to understand, he shook his ears. Maybe—but, someone was coming! Anyway he went down the long highway that encircles the Children's World. Hearing a snip! snip! snip!, he noticed some tiny folk using such sharp, shiny things that he lay low. Listen! Music was coming from the other end of the highway. Shaking his ears, he hopped merrily to his corner. There he lay, quiet, just a clay bunny, while all about him the chalk scurried, the flowers opened wide, and the children ruled in this happy Children's World.

RUTH KING.



The Glidden Training School

*See that girl go rushing down the hall.
Where is she bound for? Glidden, that is all.*

Remember the time when you first reported to your critic, three days late, and, when you made numerous excuses for your tardiness, how she looked straight at you and you hastily resolved "never again"? Perhaps this little prelude somewhat stimulated you in your work, but any way the clouds soon cleared away and very soon, there existed between you and your critic, a friendship you will always cherish. It was she who understood and helped you meet your problems; it was she who encouraged you on your blue days; and it was she who rejoiced with you in your happiness.

Then there were the thirty or forty children you were teaching. With a smile they ran to meet you, opened the door for you, brought you flowers, candy, and fruit, and were ever ready to run errands for you. How happy they were and how you enjoyed them! Surely teaching school was not all drudgery, but a joyous privilege.

You were just getting adjusted to your new environment when the principal called on you. It was during reading class and of course Johnny missed a simple word, and Mary would not keep the place. You wanted to push the clock along and you hoped your visitor would make his call rather brief, but he remained until the class was over. You could just feel that his eyes were on you and your face burned—yes, even your ears burned. At last three-thirty came. Reading class was over, but another shock was to be yours that day. "We always return our calls," announced your critic after school. You decided to go at once and have it over. Falteringly you ventured toward the office door, only to find that some one else was there—more suspense. Finally your time came and some way or other you managed to get into the office and in a trembling choking voice you told the principal why you were there.

"Sit down," he pleasantly replied. You soon found your tongue could run on as fast as ever, and when you got out of his office you wished you had not said quite so much. After you went for your first criticism, you often wondered why you were ever afraid to go to the office. Now it is a pleasure to talk with your principal.

Oftentimes some of the parents came to visit. How proud you were to show them some of the work the children had done and how glad you were to know that the parents were interested in the school work. You appreciated the co-operation of the parents and they appreciated your work as has since been manifested in many ways.

GLADYS C. JACKMAN.



Music of those childish voices,
Blends and floats upon the air,
When our welcome friend and helper
Speaks with voice of hope and cheer.

As the children of the Glidden school have been inspired by the pleasing voice of our faithful friend and loyal helper, Miss Nicholson, so we, as student teachers, have been inspired by her prevailing spirit of fellowship and co-operation. We sincerely appreciate her untiring and devoted attention to our troubles and feel that through her acquaintance we have gained much. The influence of "the music in the air" brought by her cheery, happy disposition leads us to make this wish to her:

May those voices of the children,
Floating on so blithe and free,
Be a substitute expression
Of our grateful thanks to thee.

VIOLA PETERSON.



Student Teaching, a la Medbury

Student teaching is a wonderful thing—for everybody but the student teacher.

Some people seem to think it's a joke, but no one who is teaching can see the point.

Others seem to think it's a snap, but the only snap about it is when you snap your fingers at some unruly pupil.

You're supposed to know everything from aesthetic dancing to astronomy. If you don't know it you have to act as though you do, anyway.

You have to be a second Edison and a walking edition of an encyclopedia, if you ever expect to make a success as a "prof."

The questions some pupils ask would make Edison feel like a "back number." The other day a pupil wanted to know if Rhode Island was in the Pacific or the Atlantic ocean. Some one else wanted to know if Irving Berlin was a town in Germany.

No wonder some kids never learn anything. They spend all their time thinking up questions to ask. They ought to have a contest to see who could ask the most questions no one could answer. Maybe they'd get them all out of their systems.

Trying to make some kids learn anything is like keeping a woman from talking—"It can't be done!"

You always have a critic to point out your mistakes to you. We all make mistakes, but some people don't like to be told about them.

Anybody can teach a class of kids, but it takes a genius to make them learn.

We labor and sweat over our practice teaching, but just think of Abraham Lincoln. He had to split rails before he became president.

HASWELL A. SNYDER.

When I Get My First Month's Pay

Oh, a joyous time I shall have
 When cares aside I shall lay,
 And plan to shop at Marshal Field's,
 When I get my first month's pay.
 Then swiftly back to the country,
 Through the fields of corn and hay,
 I'll go right home with my latest attire,
 When I get my first month's pay.
 I'll go to church the next Sunday,
 And be late so they'll all look my way.
 I'll want folks to see my fine new clothes
 When I get my first month's pay.

If they ask for help for the heathen,
 To the call, I'll never say "Nay!"
 There will be no starving in Russia,
 When I get my first month's pay.
 Perhaps I'll buy me a Marmon,
 Go eighty miles an hour—hooray!
 They will have to alter the speed laws,
 When I get my first month's pay.
 I haven't entirely decided
 What I'll do with the rest, but say,
 There'll be a change in the world
 When I get my first month's pay.

GLADYS C. JACKMAN.





Messengers of Spring

Oh dainty fairy maids,
 Oh messengers of Spring,
 As you lightly flit,
 Sunshine and joy you bring.

Scatter flowers upon the green,
 As you dance and play;
 In joyful merry glee,
 Oh greet our Queen of May!

STELLA ACKEMANN.

The Tourney

Like knights of the old time they gallop
 All on this happy May day.
 Oh, see, how they rise in the stirrup,
 And dash boldly into the fray.

The young knight of Orange, who's come
 As victor of knights without fear,
 The honors of May Day receives from
 The hand of the May Queen this year.

STELLA ACKEMANN.



We live in a
Big brick building
With a red roof
Called Williston Hall,
And that isn't all
Dean Julia B. Hensel
Lives there too,
And Dr. and Mrs. Brown
Live there,
And Mrs. Grady.
And so we have to be
Good girls
Always!

STELLA ACKEMANN.



High Feasts At the Hall

One o'clock Sunday is always the scene of a high feast at the Hall. There is so much to talk about, so much to laugh over, so much to eat that one could not be mistaken in calling Sunday dinner a high feast.

But Thanksgiving dinner—that is a much more wonderful feast. Every one wears her very best dress and sits at the table with her very best friends. We choose and decorate our own tables for that night—sometimes with flowers, sometimes with clever place cards and tall candles. The big lights are turned off and just the little yellow shaded lamps and the candles on the tables light the big room.

There we eat the Thanksgiving turkey and all that goes with it, the very most delicious things. Between courses we sing "Like a Castle on the Hill," "Jingle Bells," and "Seeing Nellie Home." The Glidden tables always sing some children's songs that they have taught during the week. The last remnants of our "dressed-up-lots-of-company" feelings go with the songs. We cheer the faculty, the office force, even the maids get their share of rah! rahs! After dinner we gather in the living room for music, a reading or two, a short talk from Dr. Brown, and perhaps one from Dean Gilbert before our guests leave and we go to our studies. Thanksgiving dinner certainly is a high feast.

Those feasts are great and never to be forgotten but the very highest feasts, the ones that come the oftenest, last the longest, and are enjoyed the most are the feasts we hold in our rooms. Sometimes we have the most indigestible things to eat that anyone ever thought of, and sometimes we have wonderful things from home. We huddle on the beds with the windows wide open so that the odor of the fudge bubbling away in the chafing dish will not drift out into the hall to the nose of some wandering proctor. The dishes must be hauled out from underneath the bed and thoroughly inspected. Dishwashers are not always efficient and each piece must be ready for use for the supply is usually limited and miscellaneous. A girl can not be expected to keep a whole china closet on hand and what is the use anyway?—salad tastes just as good when eaten off a pie pan with a can opener as it does when eaten from Mother's best china with a silver fork. We do not sing at these feasts, there being certain rules against music at night; nor do we cheer, for some people are always wanting to sleep and the authorities fear we may disturb them. But we certainly talk and eat till we are crammed. Then we creep home stealthily so as not to disturb the sleep, or the studious, and fall into bed, there to suffer indigestion the rest of the night—such are the high feasts at the Hall.

BEULAH FIRKINS.



A Box From Home

What happens to your box, with its fudge, or cake, or other good things to eat, from the time it reaches the dormitory, until the time when you open it?

A box from home is always a matter of much excitement. Some times, with its treasures, it is a connecting link between you and other of the girls, because, before you discover the precious object, it has gone through various tests. It is turned over; it is lifted; it is rattled. You become a target for gossip, and envy.

The scene of the commotion is in the little vestibule that you must pass through on your way to the elevator. There will be a box there for someone, every day, and every day there will be a parcel post list. You read it, carelessly. From experience you have learned that disappointment too often follows if you scan the list of names too eagerly. Therefore you assume an unexcited, disinterested demeanor, as if you never did expect to get a parcel, anyway. You see your name! It seems to quiver all over, rise up, and there you leave it, not waiting to see whether it settles back into place safely, or not. By this time you are exploring in the hill of packages to find your own. At last you find it and carry it, hurriedly, but carefully, to your room.

Then the fun begins as you and your Inseparable open the box and admire the contents. Although both talking at once, you have not overlooked the smallest detail. Your brother did the wrapping, since that is his particular kind of knot. Your father must have mailed it — the address is in his handwriting. Of course, no one could have packed it except your mother. A box from home is an expression of the love and thoughtfulness of your whole family.

ELIZABETH LOCKWOOD.

Rising Bells

Hear the startling rising bells—
Cold steel bells!
What a day of studying their urgency fore-
tells!
In the silence of the morn,
How they scream at us in scorn,
In a jerky, jagged warning lest we sleep in-
to the day,
In a clamorous demanding that we rise and
start the day.
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer,
When our dreams were never dearer,

How the grating clangs and clashes;
Once again the rending crashes
Through the room,
Through the dark and waiting coldness of
the room.
Oh, the steely chill insistence,
The mechanical persistence
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, bells
Never ending, slumber rending
Rising bells.

ELIZABETH LOCKWOOD.



Rickard Ties

Round our friendly, happy circle,
Daily tales are quickly told,
While the fudge or crackling kernels
Bring back childhood joys of old.

When the chilling winds of winter
Rage and roar so hatefully,
Then our friendly Rickard Club folk
Play and study cheerfully.

As the seasons pass and vanish
From before our youthful eyes,
Our devoted love for "Rickard"
Strengthens all our college ties.

VIOLA PETERSON.

A Day At the Rickard Club

6:30 a. m.

A bell—a sigh—a moan,
A cough—a snore—a groan,
A scramble for clothes
Where nobody knows.
'Tis rising time.

7:00 a. m.

A bell—a race—a rush,
A hurried "Good-morning"—a push,
A leap for the stairs
Which lead—we know where.
'Tis breakfast.

12:00 m.

A hurry—a scurry—a run,
A gang—no time for fun.
Potatoes and meat and pie,
With bread both white and rye.
'Tis dinner.

5:30 p. m.

A lull—a pause—a wait,
The bell again—we're never late.
Abundant mirth and jolly fun.
All are glad the day is done.
'Tis supper.

The Rowe House

R stands for revels, in which we delight,
Although we find time to study each night.
Oh, we have rules, and are orderly,
For so, our acts, must always be.
We do our best in all our work;
Our share we surely do not shirk.
E appears in bell you know;
It calls us to our meals below.
H begins "home," a word we revere.
For two short years we found it here.
Oh, but we are joyful, too.
That's how we feel. We've never blue.
U is found in fun. At Rowe's
We find it, surely, each one knows.
S, of course, for Sid must stand,
The best policeman in the land.
Each and every day and thing
Makes our voices with gladness ring.

CATHERINE DIGNAN.

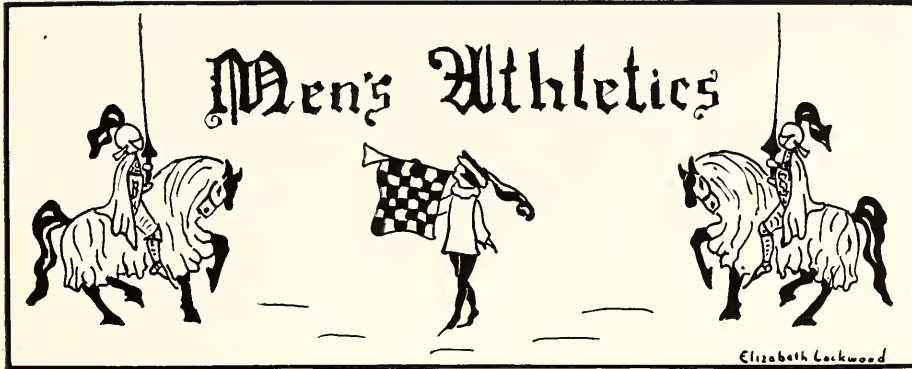
Our Car Line

Our car line has its compensations. It is gratifying, on a cold, blustery morning, for a student to step outside his door and be carried to his destination. Our car line picks up passengers at every corner and driveway. When that good-natured motorman sees Catherine Stowe coming, he always waits until she gets there. It sometimes happens that Lyle Lawson is about to board the car, when he remembers that he left a reserve book on the table. Not returning it means certain death; so the conductor saves his life by allowing him to run back home and get it. Truly patience is a virtue. This same "Toonerville" often waits until Cullie Keefe finishes his breakfast, for fear the loss of one meal should prove detrimental to Cullie's health. If it is raining, Helen Butler is allowed to run across the street to borrow an umbrella. If certain girls have indulged too lavishly in sweets, thereby diminishing their carfare three or four cents, it matters not; the good-natured conductor takes the twenty-one or twenty-two cents and remarks that it is close enough to twenty-five. Truly the students from Maple Park appreciate their car line.

MARGUERITE O'BRIEN.

Within the Castle there
dwelleth right many a
noble Toustur who fighteth full
fiercely and with trasty and
courage winneth great fame
And likewise read ye here of
games of Maids and pleasant
pastimes





Slipping and sliding in mud and in slime,
 Eleven men, stalwart and strong and fine,
 Pushing and punting across the line;
 That's our Football Team.

Dodging and passing on hard oaken floor,
 Five men with nerves taut like warriors of yore,
 Ringing the baskets and counting the score;
 That's our Basketball Team.

Twirling and pitching and batting the flies,
 Catching the ball as it drops from the skies,
 Sliding for bases and winning the prize;
 That's our Baseball Team.

Once again, cheer for our men.
 Rah! Rah! Rah! for ATHLETICS.

A. NEIL ANNAS.

A Point of View

When we speak of Athletics in general we commonly think of a particular game or practice which we have witnessed. But, is that all athletics means to N. I. S. T. C? No! Athletics in N. I. S. T. C. means much more than that. It is the center of interest for everyone connected with the college. Although the teams can take care of only a small percentage of the student body for the playing of the games, everyone in school needs to do his part toward making athletics successful. Boosting from the sidelines and boosting from outside of school are everybody's interest. Keep at it—we are going up grade.

Now since we have become a college and can offer more opportunities to young men, the athletic department is becoming much more prominent. We are making ourselves known among the stronger colleges of the state with whom we are scheduling many games. Sweaters are being given to the "letter men" for their faithful work and the best of equipment is being rounded up. There is every indication that N. I. S. T. C. is becoming one of the strongest minor colleges in the state, in football, basketball and baseball.

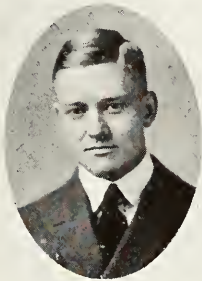
Our school today, we'll all support
And pull for all we're worth,
Because the joy of college sport
Has found a welcome berth.

Let's put our shoulders to the wheel
And for athletics strive,
We'll get what we want, we know we shall
But not without a drive.

PETERSON, '22.



COACHES & MANAGERS



OAKLAND



HARRISON



SNOW



NEWMAN

"Oakie"

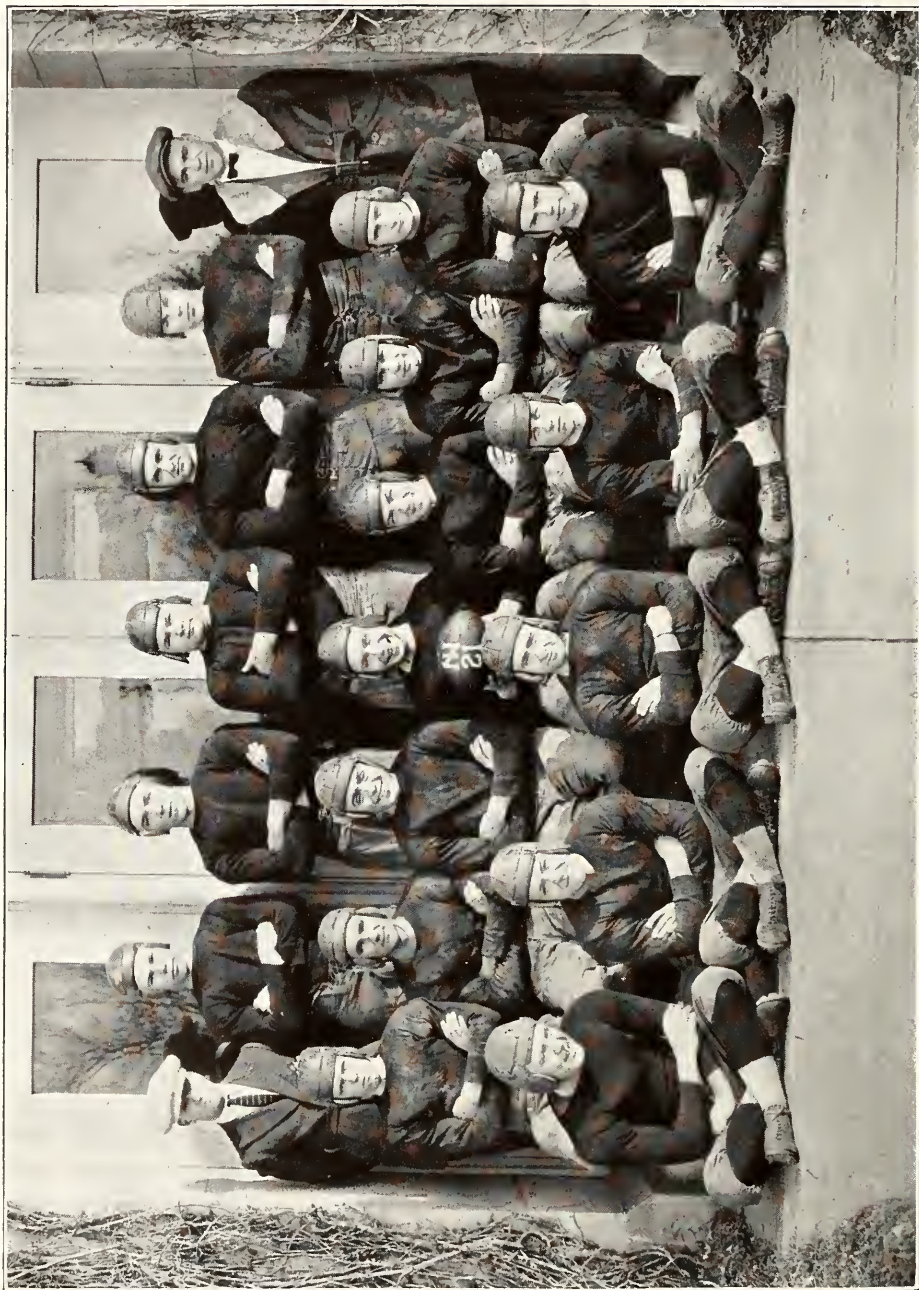
The basketball men have a large place reserved in their hearts for their coach, Mr. Oakland. "Oakie" is more than a coach; he is the leading spirit of the basketball family. Many families have their quarrels, but such is the personality of our director that all of the basketball men are happy and content. We cannot appreciate fully enough this quiet comrade and director. Not many men are gifted with his keen insight and rare humor which bubbled forth on so many occasions to enliven our work and trips. Altho' burdened with regular school work, he always was with us, giving freely of his time to help us perfect our team play. The season is over now, and as we look back we are glad to recall memories of "Oakie" our director, coach, and friend at the N.I.S.T.C.

STEGMEIR.

"Lefty"

Coach Harrison, or "Lefty," is the man who hammers the different athletic teams into shape. He is the one who puts the fellows through the grind on the gridiron, tosses the ball for them in basketball, and when spring comes around you see him on Gildden Field developing a baseball team. Wherever you see any of the N. I. S. T. C. athletes you will see "Lefty" in their midst, telling and demonstrating some new play or a means of bettering an old one. As a result of his work, N. I. S. T. C. is rapidly gaining prominence in the "Little Nineteen."

THOMPSON.





Athletics

Athletics never are over
No matter what time of the year,
'Tis Football, Basketball, or Baseball
Of which we continually hear.

At first all we heard was Football—
Then Basketball came into fame.
Now Baseball has come to the limelight;
We know they're all worthy of name.

You all showed your pep in Football;
Your spirit just couldn't be beat.
Basketball proved just as worthy—
Let's back Baseball—prevent a defeat.

M. BARNES.

Once we had a habit
Of knocking athletics
Front and back.
Because there were few
Who ever saw it
In the light of a flashy attack.

But with times ever changing
We now change our habit
And place Athletics
On the ladder ascending.
Will it bring results —?
Watch it.

We will boost Athletics forever,
We like it's prominent place.
And with pep overflowing
We'll put N. I. S. T. C.
Way up high in the race.

H. S. P. '22.



SNOW



BEST



LANDIS



RUSSELL



KUJALA



NEWMAN

Capt



WARNER



JOHNSON



KEEFE



McCABE



CANNON



RASMUSEN



LAWSON



DEVITT

HED



"Smiles" Snow
Halfback
Played at half
And stood the gaff.

"Doggone it."

♦ ♦ ♦

"Shorty" Best
Tackle
Always the same
Without a rest;
He never gets lame.

"When do we tackle the
dummy?"

♦ ♦ ♦

Landis, our "Judge"
Never would budge.
Tackle

"See that big stiff.
Let's get him."

♦ ♦ ♦

"Baldy" Kujala
End
Speedy and sure
His opponent would cure.

"My fault, I should have
had him."

♦ ♦ ♦

"Bob" Russell
Guard
A stone wall to face;
At guard held his place.

"My leg—My leg."

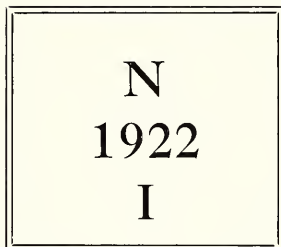
"Bamby" Newman, Capt.
Halfback
The fun of the practice,
The life of the game.

"This is the way to do it
Lefty."

♦ ♦ ♦

"Gus" Warner, Capt.-Elect
Fullback
The plow of the squad,
Always split up the crowd.

"Let's get 'em, 'Shorty Boy"



"Del" Johnson
Halfback
Sure of his stunt
To run back a punt.

"I'll get it next time."

♦ ♦ ♦

"Obstruction" Keefe
Center
Sure of being a block,
Took many a hard knock

"Take me out Lefty.
My nose is broken."

"Junie" McCabe
Quarterback
There with the goods
For many a goal.

"What time is it, Lefty?"

♦ ♦ ♦

"Boots" Cannon
End
Not present all season
But there with pep
For many a reason.

"What do we say, gang?"

♦ ♦ ♦

"Sid" Rasmusen
Guard
Always with the bunch
Ready with his punch.

"He didn't get through
here."

♦ ♦ ♦

"Happy" Lawson
Guard
Happy, happy all the time,
Plugging, plugging through
the line.

"I'll get you next time."

♦ ♦ ♦

"Desperate" Devitt
Center
They knew he was desperate
For he always made them
separate.

"I don't like to stand on my
head."

—PETERSON.

Football Review

On Saturday, October 30, our football season opened with Elgin Junior College at Elgin. There were several new men in the lineup who had never played football before. Nevertheless the team played a good game and won, 21 to 0. With this victory the fellows went to work with a will that meant success, and when the time came for the second game the men were all in good condition for Millikin University. However Millikin won as did Bradley Tech. the following week. With these two defeats the team got busy and took all of their spite out on Mt. Morris the following week by beating them to the tune of 64 to 9.

With two games won and two lost the fellows journeyed down to fight it out with the Irish at Kankakee and again lost but by a very close score. The fellows displayed more football in this game than at any time during the season. At the end of the first half the score was ten to six in our favor. During the last half St. Viators threw so many fresh men into the game that they wore our fellows down and won in the last few minutes of play by a score of 19 to 10.

Our sixth game was at home with Elmhurst College. However, they showed little football technique, and the N. I. men won by an overwhelming score of 91 to 0. The next game came on Armistice day with Milwaukee Normal as our opponents. The game was played in about three inches of snow making it rather hard work for the players. It was, however, an interesting game to watch. The proceeds of the game were to have gone to the American Legion, but since the day was too cold to draw our usual crowd, the only ones to benefit by the game were the Milwaukee players, who won 27 to 0. This game was our Waterloo for several of our fellows were injured. Captain Newman received a sprained ankle, McCabe had his collar bone broken, Snow drew a bruised hip, and Cannon received a bad cut on his face. With these fellows out of the game our chances to beat Wheaton in the last game of the season were very slim. Despite this the fellows went into the game with a fine spirit and held them to a 10 to 7 count, thus ending our 1921 football season.

The members of the team were not very well satisfied as far as winning games was concerned, but they played the game with the best of their ability, played it clean and played it hard. Much credit is due to the members of the team for their spirit and interest that they showed in all their practices and games.

PAUL E. HARRISON.



Results

Elgin	0;	N. I.....	21
Millikin	63;	N. I.....	0
Bradley	41;	N. I.....	0
Mt. Morris	9;	N. I.....	64
St. Viators.....	19;	N. I.....	10
Elmhurst	0;	N. I.....	91
Milwaukee	26;	N. I.....	0
Wheaton	10;	N. I.....	7

Touchdowns — Newman 7, Johnson 7,
Warner 3, Snow 3, McCabe 5, Cannon 2.

Goals after touchdown — Newman 21,
Johnson 1.

Football Sweaters

The football season of 1921 came to a close with fourteen men as candidates for athletic honors. On March eighth these members were presented with their letters and sweaters.

The sweaters are cardinal with a black monogrammed N. I., and have black stripes on the left sleeve. The number of black stripes signifies the number of sports in which the athlete has participated while attending the Teachers College. One sweater bearing six stripes was awarded to Clarence Cannon who has been on six different teams and has won six letters. The other thirteen men receiving sweaters were: Newman, Johnson, McCabe, Best, Russell, Landis, Warner, Devitt, Keefe, Snow, Kujala, Rasmusen and Lawson.

Our school as a whole ought to be proud of these athletes and should honor them highly. We should remember them for the way in which they represented us on our home field and on the fields of our opponents. The good sportsmen that they were in every game has given our school a name in athletics among the other schools in the Little Nineteen conference. Whether winning or losing they always fought to the end, never forgetting their high ideals and sportsmanship. We all know that the men who have received sweaters will honor them highly and will remember their football days at N. I. S. T. C. as long as they wear them.

C. JOHNSON.





Basketball

The 1922 basketball season at the Northern Teachers College was a very successful one. The team did not win a championship for the school, nor did they win all their games, however they made a name for themselves in defeating some of the best teams in the state.

The first game of the season was with Eureka College on our floor and resulted in a defeat for the Cardinal and Black. A few weak points were evident in this game but these were righted and after another week of practice, our boys showed what they knew about basketball and defeated Mt. Morris 24 to 20 in an overtime game. Some injuries to players in this game hurt our chances for a victory the next week, nevertheless our boys put up a good battle at Bloomington, but were defeated by Illinois Wesleyan 21 to 13. This, no doubt, was the roughest game that our team experienced during the entire season and if more than the four fouls had been called, the result would have been a different story. The next night at Bourbonnais, St. Viator had a fairly easy time in defeating our bruised team.

After a week or rest and with the return of Newman to the game we took St. Viator by surprise on our floor and won 20 to 15. The N. I. boys put up a game that was remarkable and St. Viator had to admit that they were outplayed.

At Mt. Morris the next week, a reversal of form gave to Mt. Morris a win that they had desired for a good many years. Mt. Morris had a good team but this was one time during the season that our boys did not play their game.

The next victims for Captain Snow's men were the Arkansas Aggies. This was a thrilling game from start to finish and resulted 25 to 23 in our favor.

At Naperville the next Monday, we lost a hard game, 25 to 24.

We won the next game with Wheaton, 28 to 16, and on Feb. 11 Northwestern defeated us.

The biggest game of the season and one that every student will remember, was on February nineteenth when Augustana played on our floor. Up to this time, Augustana had only been defeated in two games and were the real contenders for the I. I. A. C. championship. They expected an easy game here, but our boys played a wonderful game and when the final whistle was blown, were in the lead, 29 to 24.

The last game of the season was at Wheaton, where little trouble was experienced in bringing back the large end of the score.

Again I say, it was a successful season.

M. T. OAKLAND.



DONALD SNOW

Full of pep and with plenty of scrap, "Don" took care of his position at forward. He was captain of the team and led the fellows through a very good season.

EDWARD LINDGREN

"Ed," with a reach that was very difficult to evade, played center until forced from the game because of injuries—a very consistent player. He will be in the lineup next year.



ALLAN NEWMAN

"Bamby" was the life of the team. He always brought his smile and jokes with him to every game. A forward that made things count for N. I. S. T. C.



CLARENCE STEGMEIR

Known to all as "Stegy"—was the backbone of the N. I. defense. For added excitement he did his share of the scoring in every game. Guard is his position.



ELMER KUJALA

"Kuj" held his place at guard but made an expert forward when given the chance. A keen eye and hard guarding made him a block for all opponents.

VERNON SHARP

Sharp came into the game good and strong. He filled Lindgren's place at center to perfection and every one wants to see him in the game again next season.

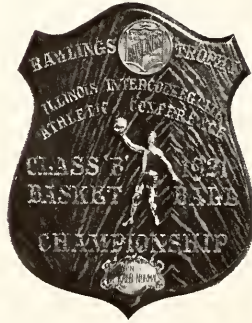


Basketball

Basketball, Basketball,
That's the sport we like.
Basketball, Basketball,
With practice every night.

Basketball, Basketball,
Our team we'll all support.
Basketball, Basketball,
Bring in that good report.

Report. Report.
Well, here it is.
Now that you've read it
How do you like it?





Eureka College.....	29; N. I.....	19
Mt. Morris.....	20; N. I.....	24
Illinois Wesleyan	22; N. I.....	13
St. Viator's.....	33; N. I.....	13
St. Viator's.....	15; N. I.....	20
Mt. Morris.....	27; N. I.....	11
Arkansas Aggies	23; N. I.....	25
North Western	25; N. I.....	24
Wheaton College.....	16; N. I.....	28
North Western	25; N. I.....	20
Augustana College	24; N. I.....	29
Wheaton College.....	11; N. I.....	22

Games won, 6; lost, 6.

The Scrubs

You never hear about us
In the "write up" or the cheers,
'Cause they never think about us
For they're thinking of our peers.

But we don't care for that
If they can win the game,
And we will gladly warm the seats
For them 'till they get lame.

It's up to us to freeze our feet
And cheer them on to win,
And help them in their practice
'Till we get weak and thin.

But we won't kick about it,
There have to be some dubs.
Maybe you've recognized us,
We're just the Scrubs.

MALMBERG.

After Practice

"Hey, Lefty, sling me a towel."

"Go on; you got one last night."

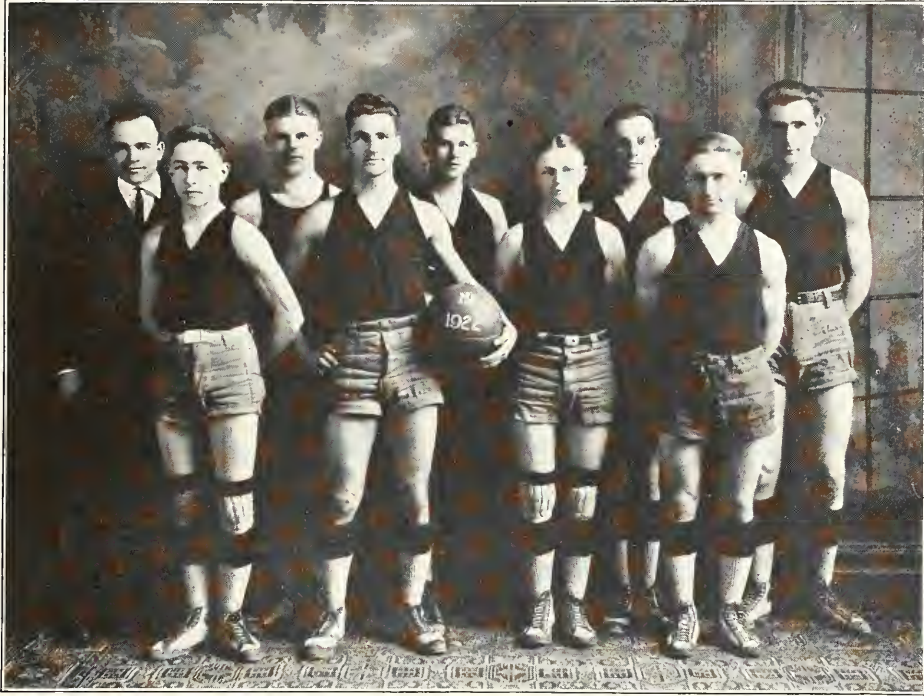
"Come on, you socialist, turn on the water."

"Wow!!!! I don't want to be boiled."

"Here, then, you egg, go into cold storage."

"Pass me a towel, please."

"Say, who do you think you are? You are not eating at Hotel a la—



The Reserves should be given all the credit due them for the good work they did in whipping the "regulars" into trim. How would the varsity squad have gotten a good workout or scrimmage if it had not been for the squad of reserves? Impossible! How could they have gotten the necessary skill and endurance if it had not been for their games with the seconds? Impossible. And when it comes to taking hard knocks and jolts, the Reserves "take the berries."

One day a stranger who came to visit this institution met a fellow who had his arm in a sling, and he said to this fellow: "My good lad, what is the matter with you? Were you in an automobile accident?"

Oh, no, I'm a member of the Reserve basketball team."

As the stranger walked on a little further, he met a young man who was walking on crutches, and he asked, "What's the matter with you? Were you struck by a passenger train?"

"Oh, no, it's a mere trifle. I just broke my leg and sprained an ankle, practicing basketball on the Reserves."

Here's to 'em. The Reserves, who made a winning team possible.

HASWELL SNYDER, '22.

Baseball at N. I. S. T. C.

Each year when the baseball call has been sounded by our coach, many faithful aspirants have sallied forth to brave the strong March rains and winds to try their skill at the national pastime. The first few days seem very discouraging because they have to grapple with stiff joints, sore arms and sliding practice as well as the many other disagreeable features of the game.

This year, however, prospects look unusually bright for our ball team, owing to the fact that many of our last year's team are back, together with some new men who have had some real baseball experience. Our squad includes about twenty men, all of whom are entirely familiar with the game, and as our schedule seems to be a good one, what more could a fan ask for? Those who are out for the various positions are Campbell, Corrigan, McCabe, Prince, Best, Keefe, Lawson, Stegmeir, Rasmusen, Oberg, Snow, Johnson, Thompson, Kautz, Peterson, Camper, Warner, Fitzgerald, Marvin.

Coach Harrison is working on the theory that a team of hitters is a hard one to beat and as a consequence batting practice plays a very prominent part in the daily practice. So if the weather man will only spare us some warm, sunny days to thaw out the sore arms and limber up our stiff joints, we shall be off to "bring home the bacon."

BAMBY, 19—?

The Rookie

He was only a baseball rookie,
That came strolling in from the weeds;
And high were his hopes as a pitcher,
And performer of wondrous deeds.

The first night out he was tearing,
Like a plowhorse released from the farm;
He began to look like a comer,
When blooey! Away went his arm.

Nurse as he would its lameness,
The "kink" would not disappear;
And away with his arm went his high hopes,
The hopes he had cherished all year.

He tried hard and became over-anxious,
For to fail meant certain disgrace;
Today you may see this same rookie,
With a sorrowful look on his face.

Experience has taught him a lesson,
That perhaps he will never forget—
To take things a trifle easier,
And not live a life of regret.

BAMBY, 19—?



Rooters

Behold! Onto the scene comes John Corntassel. It is his first appearance at a basketball game, and his first glimpse of the night-life at the Northern Illinois State Teachers College. He was enrolled as a student at the beginning of the winter term, so have pity on him, please. He hears some one say, "The rooters are all out tonight." At first he is puzzled, because the only kind of rooters that he knows of, is a certain species of hog that is liable to do damage to meadows and pastures, if it has not a ring in its nose.

The raw recruit from the farm has not yet learned what school spirit meant but he began to learn very fast. At first he shouted when the opposing team made a basket, and then he would be told to keep still, but as soon as they made another basket, he would shout encouragement again. In this he was like the little girl in this story: Both the photographer and the mother had failed to make the restless little four-year-old sit still long enough to have her picture taken. Finally the photographer suggested that "the little darling" might be quiet if her mother would leave the room for a few minutes. During her absence the picture was successfully taken. On the way home the mother asked:

"What did the nice man say to make mother's little darling sit still?"

"He thed, 'You thit thill, you little newthums, or I'll knock your block off,' tho I that thtill," she explained.

After this lesson in school spirit, John thought that perhaps it would be better if he said less, but he had to have something to do, so he took a package of "Spearmint" from his pocket and carefully selecting two sticks, he began to chew. The gum evidently tasted good, if the rate which he chewed gave any indication of it. Finally he was the exasperation of an old man who sat in front of him. He twisted in his seat and glared.

"Young man," he said, "did you ever try watching a game with your mouth shut?"

Whereupon John set his teeth firmly into his gum, so firmly, in fact, that he had a time pulling his jaws apart after the game. He decided that rooters are queer animals; some like to make a noise, while others do not like to hear "chin music" with a basketball game.

HARVEY WELSH.



In Warning

When the study bell rings at Williston Hall,
And girls scamper here and there,
The squeak of a door, a creak of the floor,
When everything else is still,
Tells us that the proctor is spying on those
 who are trying
To creep about looking for fun.
 Oh, the swish and the whir,
 The din and the stir,
As the proctor stands gazing about.
Once more this commotion,
And she'll have the notion

That a spread or a party's begun—
"Shut the door! close the transom!
Stop giggling. or run!
The proctor's not fooling,
She'll not have this fun."
 But all is too late,
 And sad is our fate,
For judgment has come.
From her keen observation,
She gives an oration—
 "To your rooms! The bell for study
 has rung."

HALIE SNEESBY.

Room 202, Men's Dormitory

The scene is taken from a room in the men's dormitory on a rainy night in March. This room is a gathering place for all the well known "never works." The scene opens with Prentice and Bamby liesurely playing a game of casino, their favorite pastime.

Bamby—"I guess I'll study a while. Nothing else to do."

Prent.—"One more game. My deal this time." *As the game is finished Shorty Best and Obie enter, the former rushing to the bed and rolling a beautiful pair of galloping dominoes.*

Best—"Shoot the works."

Prent.—"I s'pose you came in here to borrow the price of the show, but there's no chance. McCabe just left."

Obie—"Have you heard the new ditty, 'My Little Gray Home in the Vest,' by the Moth Brothers?"

Upon finding things rather dead, Shorty and Oberg, decide to "Shove off." The door opens and Miles, Camper and Sharpe burst in.

Miles—"What are you doing tonight Shorty?"

Shorty—"Just looking for something to do."

Miles—"Who else can we get to play?"

Exit Miles, Camper, Shorty and Sharpe.

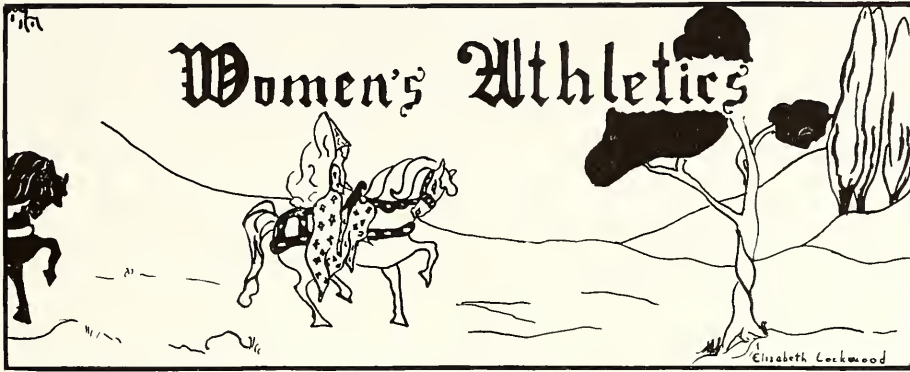
Prent. *after long silence*—"Guess I'll go to bed early this evening so I can get up early and take a walk."

Bamby gives Prentice a "foul ball" look and resumes study.

Prent.—"Isn't it nice to live in a place like this? Just one big, happy family, and all so congenial too."

Prent. goes to bed and in a few minutes is snoring, which seems to have a bad influence on Bamby, who is soon off in slumberland too.

BAMBY, 19—.



Women's athletics have, as a whole, grown very satisfactorily during this year and the outlook for more enthusiasm and spirit seems bright for the coming year. The major sports, hockey, basketball and baseball, have interested many girls, and the effort to do away with interscholastic contests and let anyone participate who desired to do so, has accomplished its aim. One hundred and forty girls played in the basketball "color tournament," whereas eight at the most would have played on a school team. The interpretive dancing classes have been successful and the girls are beginning to feel the joy of dancing tho they will never be professionals. During the year about sixty girls have enrolled in the swimming classes, the large majority of whom are now able to at least get across the tank. The fifty-five girls who signed up for tennis this Spring will soon take part in a tournament, which will give them practice and the gist of competition.

The aim of the department, to provide activity for everyone, to promote real interest in sports for sport's sake, has been, in part at least, accomplished. Women's athletics will soon be, if they are not already, the vital part of school life which they should be.

EDITH L. BOND.



She is here, she is there, she is everywhere,
In the thickest of work and play.
She helps the students, each and all,
In her happy, charming way.

She's good to look at, good to see
In the hall or out of door;
But where she shines the very best
Is on the old gym floor.

Oh, what is there we would not do
To gain her winning smile?
I've heard it said, by boys and girls,
That she is just our style.

E. L. AND J. H.



THE SENIORS



THE JUNIORS

Senior Team

VIRGINIA RONIN
INEZ SELGREN
ELEANOR McMANNUS
JEANNETTE HUSTED
ISABELLE GANT
DORIS GOODWILL
DOROTHY GOODWILL
LUCILLE COFFEY
MELBA ROBERTSON
FRANCES BROCKWAY
HELEN O'DONNELL
LUCILLE YOUNG

Junior Team

ELSIE NELSON
RUTH MILLER
LAURA WEBSTER
CHARLOTTE SYLVESTER
MARION CAHILL
LORETTA REINES
LILLIAN McKENZIE
HOLLIS WHITTAKER
VIOLETTE BURSTATTE
BEULAH FIRKINS
LOUISE MILLHOUSE
IRENE McRAE

Why I Played Hockey

Isabelle Gant—Because Harold admires strength and muscle.

Laura Webster—To make my hair grow.

Mary Noonan—To initiate my new golf socks.

Stacia Gannon—Because it is good for rheumatism.

Lucille Coffey—To grow tall.

Jeannette Husted—So I could flourish a club.

Ruth Denny—Who wants to know besides yourself?

Lillian McKenzie—To get a start in astronomy.

Charlotte Sylvester—For fame and notoriety.

Ruth Irene Miller—It is really good for you.

Eleanor McMannus—I don't know.

Melba Robertson—Well, really! Don't you see—(very lengthy explanation).



Ye Sport of Hockey

Oh, mony a game we played in sport,
As you mayhap remember;
But the merriest game of a' was that
Was started in September.

It was, I ween, a pleasant time.
The fields were green and gay,
When mony sprightly college maids
Went forth to sport and play.

They carried sticks of good, strong wood,
Which spryly they did wield
And use to bat sma' balls across
White lines upon the field.

It was wi' strength and vigor, too,
They romped upon the green—
For if they played but weel enow
They were to mak' the team.

They played it gude, they played it fast.
It never was the same
For many seconds—for it was
A very lively game.

They played it gude, they played it hard,
With a hop, a skip and a run,
And then they played the game some mair,
To them it was sic fun.

They played it gude, they played it long,
And ne'er did any see
The likes of such a game before,
The likes of such to be.

The students they did come to watch
And many townsmen, too,
And they ha' na' seen games before
As they did gaze on noo.

The teams were picked and many games
Were planned for them to win,
But snow did come and now the sticks
Are resting in the gym.

DOROTHY GOODWILL.



W. A. A.

What do these letters stand for? Do they mean "Women Aren't Athletic?" Truth forbids. Discard that at once. Do they mean "Wonders As Acrobats?" That is not so bad. Remember "Up in the Clouds" at the Vod-Vil? There are a few people who say that W. A. A. reminds them of I. W. W. Don't think them mentally deficient for unknowingly they speak the truth. I. W. W. or I Will Work is the motto of every member of W. A. A. They work to promote athletics for girls and to back athletics for men. Yes, W. A. A. pertains to athletics. You have guessed it, the Woman's Athletic Association.

Burnish your memory and recall the time the girls sold tickets at the football game. Recall the banquet at the end of the season. See the tables in the study hall, smell again the delicious odors of the feast and smile as you remember the witty speeches and fitting toasts made in honor of the football men.

There were candy sales in the foyer and at the games too. W. A. A. girls are always busy. Look at the hockey and basket ball teams. Has there ever been so much enthusiasm, good will, and school spirit shown in Women's Athletics before? W. A. A. has been the cause of this new attitude. W. A. A. has sponsored all the teams and has helped much to create an atmosphere of true sportsmanship. Every one enjoys a W. A. A. dance and the Vod-Vil sent us home for vacation with a feeling of satisfaction. W. A. A. is a live organization and let me remind you that it is just a new one. You have probably forgotten the fact for you can not conceive of N. I. S. T. C. without the Woman's Athletic Association.

HELEN GILSON.





THE SENIORS



THE JUNIORS

Senior Team

LULA AUSTIN
FRANCES BROCKWAY
LUCILE COFFEY
DORIS GOODWILL
DOROTHY GOODWILL
DOROTHY HITCHCOCK
LEALYN KIDD
INEZ SELGREN
HELEN SWANSON

Junior Team

VIRGINIA COLLINS
BEULAH FIRKINS
SARA GARNER
NATHALIE HOLDERNESS
LILLIAN MCKENZIE
ELSIE NELSON
RUBY RENNOCK
EMMA TITUS
ETHEL TITUS

Junior-Senior Game

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
An amazing story, to some rather drear,
How the basketball Seniors, a band tried and true,
At the hands of the Juniors met their Waterloo.

The story is gloomy and sad to relate,
Of how the said Seniors that night met their fate.
The game was a hard one and one bravely fought,
But the work of the Juniors put their work to naught.

The Seniors were plucky and fought till the end.
The Juniors were plucky and luck was their friend.
So when the game ended, a look at the score
Showed that the Juniors had several points more.



Basketball Tournament

From a total of one hundred forty aspiring basket tossers reporting in the first few nights of practice Miss Bond appointed ten color teams and arranged a color tournament as a preliminary to the choosing of the Junior and Senior teams. The captains of these teams were:

Orange—Lulu Austin.

Yellow—Marion Cahill.

Pink—Lealyn Kidd.

Gray—Elsie Nelson.

White—Laura Webster.

Blue—Ethel Titus.

Red—Loretta Reines.

Green—Hollis Whittaker.

Black—Lucille Coffey.

Purple—Virginia Collins.

With every team doing its best to make first place a fine quality of enthusiasm was displayed and the games were fast and snappy.

Everyone of the thirty-nine games played received a support from the sidelines that showed an appreciation of the opportunity to see some real girls' basketball. The tournament closed with the Greens in the place of honor, the Pinks in second place, and the Orange and Yellow teams tied for third.

Swimming

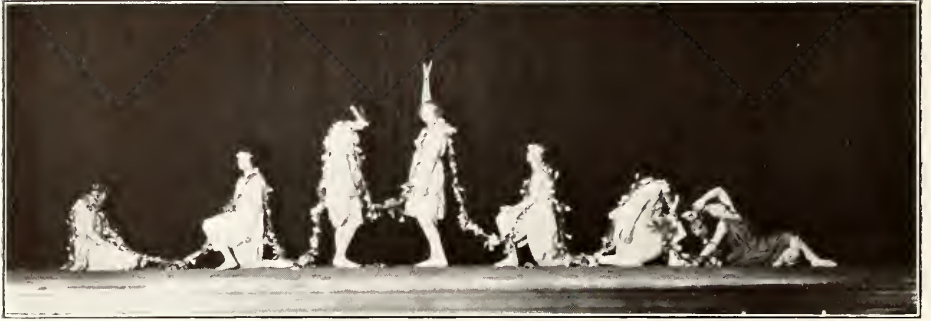
"Let's go down to the pond." This is the cry of the times; for it's winter time and everyone is energetic enough to want to dispose of some of that suppressed, concentrated "pep."

The beautiful night lends us enthusiasm, and as we approach, the crackling fire looks mighty inviting, for the biting air has nipped our fingers and toes through their wool coverings. Eyes sparkle and cheeks are a vivid crimson. Soon we are warmed, and we start over the smooth, glassy ice. It sparkles in the moonlight like a mass of diamonds; and past the ice is a woods of shadowy shapes, bending under the additional burden of snow. Is there any place more impressive than our pond on a frosty, moonlit night?

We glide over the ice as easily as if we were on wings. To be sure, there are a few cracks, but we may appreciate the smooth ice only more because of them.

Come, we shall gather about the camp fire and sing a few songs before we leave. Soon the voices blend in the old darky tunes and those songs best adapted to the friendly atmosphere. We finish with our school songs and the "castle on the hill" we sing of so loyally looms majestically above the trees in the distance. With all these beautiful and inspiring surroundings there is really no reason why we should not like skating best of all sports—and we do.

MARY PIERIT KENNEDY.



Imagine if you can a flower garden, perhaps the old-fashioned garden of N. I. Now think of soft music, carried by a gentle breeze that waves the flowers softly to and fro. Doesn't it remind you of something? What is it? Oh, maybe it is one of those feelings you can't express. Joyous? Yes, delightfully so, and poignantly sweet and tender—and yet——. Did you ever try to express such feelings in motion? You haven't? Well, next best, have you ever seen someone else do so? Now you know what I mean—Interpretive Dancing.

Tennis

Tennis holds a prominent place among the sports of our college life. In 'spring the young ladies' and the young men's fancy turns to tennis. We have some rising champions, who rise in the wee small hours that others may not witness their distressing battle with the net. Some prefer the cool comfort of evening wherein they can finish a love game anywhere but on the court. Then there are those who wear dashing sport clothes and give their racket an artistic twirl and the ball a gentle toss. Lastly come the honest-to-goodness tennis players. They go out with vigor, but the balls break a few strings of their fifteen-lb. racket, and gush thru a feverish game. Really, tennis at the N. I. S. T. C. is a serious proposition.





W. A. A. Vodvil

Presented in the Auditorium, March 16, 1922.

ACT I

Up in the Clouds

Fourteen girls in black and white, posing on a white ladder, against a black background—aerial gymnastics—heavenly smiles—vigorous applause.

ACT II

Les Danseurs Jolies

Greek nymphs—soft music—flowers—swirling veils and dancing figures—playful pantomime—joyous frolic—more applause.

ACT III

Say It With Music

Drawing room scene—pretty girls—gay music—sentiment—talent—evident content and expectancy.

ACT IV

Suppressed Desires

Family turmoil—light on a deep subject—coincidences—revelations—much fun.

ACT V

T. C. Follies

Snappy music—gay dancing—Ziegfeld chorus—popular rag-time characters—deep satisfaction throughout the audience.

ACT VI

Inside Dope

Faculty meeting—clever impersonations—peculiar actions—bad breaks—bouquets—very much mirth.

ACT VII

An Arabian (K)Night

Oriental dancers—weird music—incense—the girl—the sheik—open wonder and decision that the show was the best ever.



Baseball

DO YOU remember
WAY BACK
WHEN THE girls at N. I.
DIDN'T PLAY baseball?
THAT WAS a long time ago
WASN'T IT?
WHY! SEVERAL years
OR MORE.
AND WE have become
SO USED
TO GIRLS' baseball
THAT WE thought
THERE NEVER was a time
THEY DIDN'T play.
JUST IMAGINE
IF YOU can
THE GYM—
NOT A ball in sight

NOT A bat in sight
NOT A girl in bloomers and middy
DOESN'T IT sound
LONESOME LIKE?
NOW IMAGINE the gym
WITH MANY people in it,
A FAST game
OF GIRLS' baseball
IN PROGRESS—
HEY!
LOOK OUT there!
GOODNESS!
WHAT WAS that?
IT'S LUCKY you were there.
THAT BALL
MIGHT HAVE gone
RIGHT THROUGH the window.

Hiking

Hiking! What does that mean to you? To the ex-service man very little that is really sport is brought to his mind when we mention hiking. He remembers many a wearisome march with tired muscles and sore feet and a heavy pack strapped to his back, which grew heavier every second. To the fat person who is reducing, a hike means a laborious two miles walked daily in order that he may "grow thin."

There is yet another class, the real hiker, who in all kinds of weather, at all times of year, will walk. A walk is life to him. What does it matter if it is cold and windy? Doesn't the wind urge him to walk faster and faster? Doesn't it clear his mind of all the rubbish and ill-feeling which has accumulated during the day; and doesn't it send him back with a clearer mind and a stronger body to the tasks to be done? And just as the wind blows away his troubles, the rain washes them away and the sun comes out and shines so brightly that he even forgets he had a trouble. The real hiker will tell you the best way to enjoy the out-of-doors is to walk in it, and to learn from it. What more is life than to train ourselves so that we are healthy, strong and ready to do the work which may be ours to do. Nothing can aid us better in this than training ourselves to be good hikers; and so let us give seven rahs for hiking.

RUTH IRENE MILLER.

Swimming

"Springtime is here
And sweet summer is nigh.
Sing, then, ye birds, oh, sing."


Perhaps you do not see the connection between summer and swimming? Oh, yes, you do! And you are just feeling happy because you have learned to swim. Or—if you have not taken advantage of the course in swimming offered by our school this year, how much you have missed.

You are afraid of water? Oh, but you shouldn't be, because you could not stay down under the water if you followed the directions given by Miss Bond. During your first lesson you would begin to understand how Alice in Wonderland felt, because you would continually meet with new adventures. You would learn with amazement that you could open your eyes and look around while under the water. You might be still more amazed when you discovered that the water did not run into your ears and nose. Perhaps you had always believed that your head was a sort of vacuum (and believe it yet at times) and that if you even dared venture so far as to put your nose under the surface of the water, that immediately your head would fill up and you would "see your finish." Would you be surprised to find your reasoning disproved? This is how we did it:

After taking a shower, we all went into the tank. By encouraging us and working patiently with us, our instructor soon had everyone at ease in our new environment. We learned to swim—not by saying "presto, change"—but by hard practice and perseverance. Now, although we cannot swim well, we have a new idea of "H₂O" and I am sure there are a few more happy people added to the "infinitely long" list of those who enjoy their swimming in the "good old summer time."

FLORENCE RICHARDS.





Fair readers all,
do counsel take
from these our daily
deeds and Chronicles

W. H. Bland



Sept. 12.—School opens. We know Aurora is on the map.

Sept. 13.—Eighty men already, girls!

Sept. 14.—Thirty men are out for football.

Sept. 15.—Uteg looks over the prospects in the date line.



Sept. 15

Sept. 16.—Remember the Y. W. "get acquainted party"? The boys display sudden cordiality.

Sept. 19.—Mr. Harrison starts the week off with a fresh stick of gum. He doesn't dare chew it in Gen. Ex. though.



Sept 21

Sept. 20.—It has been reported that you can't dance in the living room at the dorm this year, boys.

Sept. 21.—We think that the new members of the Treble Clef paint hideously.

Sept. 22.—The two tufts of hair located on the rear central portion of Mr. Jenks' cranium seem to be sky seeking today.



Sept 22.

Sept. 23.—Wish I had some shingles to go home on.

Sept. 26.—The faculty club consume much food in the Old Study Hall.

Sept. 27.—Wouldn't it be wonderful if the girls took Harold Horan as seriously as he thinks they do?



Sept. 28.—Sullivan studied last night. Truth is stranger than fiction!

Sept. 29.—Elgin Academy is our first victim in football. N. I. S. T. C., 21; Elgin, 0.



Sept 23

An open truck isn't so nice in the rain, is it girls?

Sept. 30.—Lillian McKinzie with the aid of a hockey stick takes a short course in astronomy. My, but hockey is a rough game.



Sept 30.

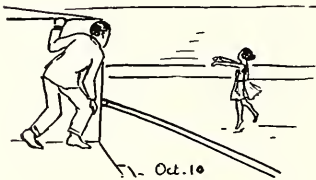
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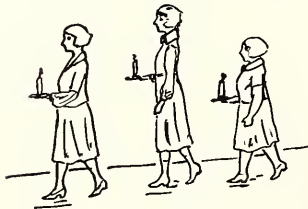
Oct. 6



Oct. 8



Oct. 10



Oct. 18.



Oct. 21

E.B.

Oct. 3.—Miss Merritt advises the students to gaze at the autumn on the campus.

Oct. 6.—“Shabbona Red” gazes at the Cola’ Ha’mony on the campus.

Oct. 7.—Miss Mary Weeks tells us about socializing the teacher.

Oct. 8.—N. I. S. T. C., o; Milliken, 63.

Wait until next year Milliken. Did you all see dat parade with a nigga and everything?

Oct. 10.—Paddock reports that the interpretive dancing classes are making very good progress.

Oct. 11.—Horrors! Prentice is on time to Economics. Topic of discussion—Prohibition.

Oct. 13.—Do you want some original ideas on initiation? Ask the Rickard Club gang.

Oct. 1.—Mr. Lew Sarrett tells us where the frogs keep their hootch.

Oct. 15.—Bradley Polytech., 41; N. I. S. T. C., o. Bradley took the berries this time.

Oct. 17.—Professor C. A. Keefe compliments us on our beautiful campus.

Oct. 18.—Y. W. C. A. Candle Light service. Nearly one hundred girls join tonight.

Oct. 19.—Allan wore his other shirt today.

Oct. 20.—Dallas Gregory rescues a cat, but it turns out to be a wild cat.

Oct. 21.—Mme. Schumann Heink favors us with a wonderful concert, but Fitzgerald takes the roses.

Oct. 22.—Mt. Morris discovers a formidable football team at N. I. S. T. C. Mt. Morris, 9; N. I. S. T. C., 63.

Oct. 25.—Report from the weather bureau: Clear up cloudy, rain tomorrow.

Oct. 27.—Y. W. C. A. cabinet entertains Advisory Board and Miss Miriam Moss at a dinner served at Williston Hall.

Oct. 28.—N. I. S. T. C., 10; St. Viator, 19. We nearly did, but ask Gus about it.



Nov. 1.—Candy sale in foyer. Sweets for the sweet.

Nov. 2.—Calendar editor sleeps.

Nov. 3.—Calendar editor snores.

Nov. 4.—Calendar editor wakes up.

Nov. 5.—Elmhurst steps on a banana peeling. N. I. S. T. C., 11; Elmhurst, 0.

Nov. 7.—In three weeks and a few days exams will be here.

Nov. 8.—My dear Kujala, take my advice—If you must read aloud in the library don't tell Miss Jandell, please.

Nov. 9.—Foyer dance. We give Horan the Claxton to use in dancing. Safety First.

Nov. 10.—How many of you went to the "Devil" at the Princess?

Nov. 11.—Armistice Day. Milwaukee Normal, 26; N. I. S. T. C., 0. Hully Gee! it am cold!

Nov. 14.—Today is another one of those "day after the night before."

Nov. 15.—I wish to announce that tomorrow is Wednesday all day.

Nov. 16.—Our suspicions are aroused by the smoke item on the yearly expense account handed out to the girls in Gen. Ex. Emil Anderson admits to the whole assembly that he plays pool.

Nov. 17.—Malmberg delivers his oration in Senior Composition. Miss Simonson advises him to comb his hair or get a hair cut.

Nov. 18.—Minstrel show tonight. Students admitted only in nigger heaven. Sociology class come back from Chicago with stiff necks.

Nov. 19.—N. I. S. T. C., 7; Wheaton, 10.

Nov. 20.—Mrs. Hensel goes to sleep. Departing bell rings at 10:45. Girls aren't a bit mad.

Nov. 21.—We could get along better if the students who sat in the balcony at Dr. Taylor's lecture would refrain from laughing and throwing paper. (Consider yourselves bawled out.)

Nov. 22.—The secret's out! Lefty tells the guests at the football banquet why he looks out of the window in Gen'l X. "Gus" Warner is elected captain for next year.

Nov. 23.—Mary had a little man

And she did love him well.

He asked her if she'd marry him;

She said she couldn't tell.

But Mary must have changed her mind,

For on Thanksgiving day

She meekly to the altar went,

And he led her away.

Nov. 28.—Doctor Brown rubs the naked spot on his head in Gen'l X.

Nov. 29.—The N. I. S. T. C. castle giggles.

Nov. 30.—Exams are here. Sink or swim!



Nov 3.



Nov 5



Nov 9.



Nov 14.



Nov 28.

F. B.



Dec 7

Dec. 5.—“Strife” is read to us. It doesn’t pay to quarrel.

Dec. 6.—One of the nuts missing from the “nut and bolt club” at the Rowe House.

Dec. 7.—Many tears are shed in Gen. X. today when Mr. Page announces that his classes will not meet tomorrow.



Dec. 13

Dec. 12.—At last it has come. The faculty had to stand up on the platform and watch the board of inspectors take their honored seats.

Dec. 13.—American Legion of Sycamore, 11; N. I. S. T. C., 24.

Little boy from Chicago appears on the scene as yell leader.



THIS or THIS !

Dec 19

Dec. 14.—Mr. Buzzard teaches us a new mathematical problem—12 plus 22 plus 21 plus 8 bells equals Christmas party.

Dec. 19.—Get a can or get canned.

Dec. 22.—We find that the faculty can act as well as teach. We give to Mr. Gable the first prize in smiles. The last party of the year is a grand success.

Dec. 23.—School out at noon. Extra traffic cops put on because of rush for trains.



Dec 22.

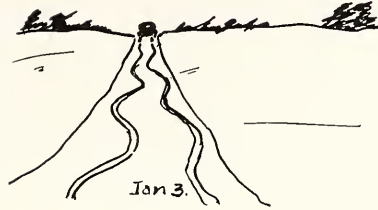


Dec 23.

L. B. 11/10/10



Jan. 3.—Blue Monday comes on Tuesday this week. Ruth Denny is learning to drive Gus' Ford. Miriam arrives on time. She likes her new train that Santa gave her at the party.



Jan. 4.—Ruth Denny is still "learning" to drive. Today is kid day. All the bobbies appear with hair ribbons on.



Jan. 6.—Two new yell leaders in Gen. X. N. I. S. T. C. 24; Mt. Morris, 20. Hurrah for our side!

Jan. 9.—The Galosh sisters have partially eliminated the Ford rattle from their galoshes by turning the flaps down.

Jan. 4.

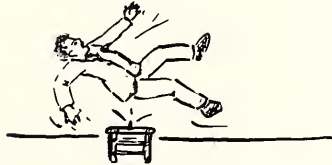


Jan. 11.—Miss Austin comes to visit. She tells us about some girls that swear. O, my!

Jan. 13.—Music in Gen. X. Three cheers for the orchestra. Illinois Wesleyan, 22; N. I. S. T. C., 13.

Jan. 14.—St. Viators, 33; N. I. S. T. C., 11. Cheer up, the first game is always the hardest.

Jan. 9.



Jan. 16.—Skovgaard and his violin entertain us with a concert.

Jan. 19.—The "Supes" are here. St. Viator, 15; N. I. S. T. C., 20. Pep-yells, orchestra, snake dance. Did we win? Yea.

Jan 24.

Jan. 21.—Mt. Morris, 27; N. I. S. T. C., 11.

Jan. 23.—"Ghosts."

Jan. 24.—Allan is ejected from his seat to the floor by a tack. Naughty! Naughty!

Jan. 25.—Thanks for the peppy music at the foyer dance. (Signed) DIANA.

Jan. 26.—All together now—1,2,3, (4). Arkansas Aggies, 23; N. I. S. T. C., 25.

Jan. 29.—Lost, stolen or deserted. One hundred fifty lunch bags from the dormitory. Finder may keep the same.



Jan. 29.

E. D. B. Co.

Jan. 30.—Naperville, 25; N. I. S. T. C., 24.



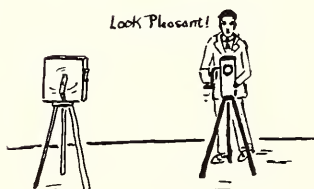
Feb. 3.



Feb. 9.



Feb. 14.



Feb. 15.



Feb. 24.

E. D. Taylor

Feb. 2.—The ground pig saw his shadow today and cast it over the dormitory. Misses Doyle, Barnes and Austin have left home and mother.

Feb. 3.—N. I. S. T. C. 28; Wheaton 16. Wanted: A professor to acquaint the dorm girls with the intricacies of the deaf and dumb language. Now, boys, here's your chance!

Feb. 4.—The Juniors entertain royalty (Seniors) at a party in the gym. The Dramatic Club see Julius Caesar in Chicago. We thought he was dead.

Feb. 6.—Music hath charms. For once no one was in a hurry to get out of Gen. X.

Feb. 7.—That Prentice boy is wearing a green sweater with a belt on today. Has anyone lost one? The Squirrel Club have their pins.

Feb. 8.—Ralph reports that if noise is any indication of joy, Miss Doyle is certainly enjoying her new home at the Rowe House.

Feb. 9.—Beautiful banners and pillows on sale in the foyer.

Feb. 10.—High school kids throw at little party down in the gym. Consternation at the dorm when Mrs. Hensel rings the door bell after eleven o'clock. We thought that was against the rules.

Feb. 11.—N. I. S. T. C. 20; Naperville 25. Where are the rooters?

Feb. 13.—Vacation.

Feb. 14.—Student teachers receive some interesting valentines.

Feb. 15.—Everyone gets his map in the movies. Lecture on Japan by Miss E. C. Semple.

Feb. 16.—Augustana 24; N. I. S. T. C. 29. The last home game of the season leaves us with a fine impression of our team.

Feb. 17.—The Treble Clef squander the rest of their money on a dance.

Feb. 20.—Mr. Frank Ritchie leads us to think that our teachers' college ought to be advertised.

Feb. 21.—The lunch room does a double business on account of the rain. The ants take their share of the Y. W. C. A. candy.

Feb. 22.—Many students attend the Masonic Ball which is held in our gym.

Feb. 24.—The Washington Party is much fun. Powder went up a cent.

Feb. 27.—We have a rare treat in the form of the U. of I band. We wonder if the faculty enjoyed their jazz orchestra. We did.



March 1.—Carl Malmberg informs Glenn Rand that the holes in the lace hosiery that the girls are wearing are meant to be there. Glenn thought that some fond mothers had misplaced their needles and thread.

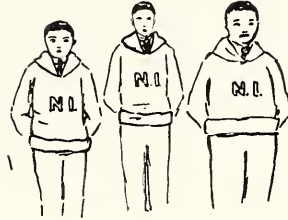
March 6.—New term starts off with a bang by a talk on prohibition.

March 7.—Mr. Wright finally consents to have his picture taken for the "Norther."



March 7

March 8.—Football sweaters given out in Gen. X. The boys certainly make the sweaters look nice according to Dr. Brown's way of thinking. We second the motion.



March 8.

March 9.—One of Allan's pupils finds out that it doesn't pay to call him "Bamby."

March 11.—Mr. Alton Packard, cartoonist, entertains us in a very original way.

March 15.—Isabelle Gant finishes that Purdue letter in Gen. X. We wonder if Isabelle writes as often as Esther. Fred Haynes polishes his opera glasses in preparation for the W. A. A. Vodvil.

March 16.—We all vote the W. A. A. Vodvil a swell show. We wonder how "Judge" Landis gets to belong to an organization like that.

March 17.—A whole week of vacation next week. This is a good chance to catch up in your back work!

March 27.—"Did you have a good time when you were home?" Late arrivals pull that old "sick" excuse. Some felt sick when they learned they had acquired four unexcused absences.

March 28.—All the boys in school gather in the old study hall at five thirty. After each boy had consumed two hundred beans and two dogs with some frozen cream to finish on, prospects for a Y. M. C. A. are discussed.

March 29.—Dr. Brown gives cigarettes the once over in Gen. X.

March 30.—The "Melodie Klub" disperse from their regular meeting without any noise. Wonders will never cease.

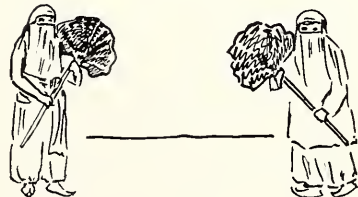
March 31.—The W. A. A. finish the month out with a dance at Williston Hall.



March 9.



March 11.



March 16



April 14.



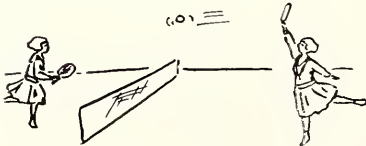
April 18.



April 19.



April 24



April 26.

April 1.—*

April 3.—Mr. Page compares the exit from Gen. X. to the scramble of certain four-legged animals at feeding time.

At five thirty the boys gather in the old study hall for another feed. A unanimous vote was taken to present the domestic science girls with a bouquet of roses.

April 4.—Edward Lindgren fractures his ankle when he slides into home base. It wouldn't hurt half so much, Ed, if you knew how much the members of the weaker sex miss you.

April 5.—Mr. Page solves the fifty-cent mystery.

April 6.—Helen Livingston has sworn off playing baseball in the street, by request.

April 7.—The "Upper Case" breaks forth for the first time this term. The Williston Hall players stage two plays. Where'd they get the chink?

April 10.—Judging from the handclapping in Gen. X. Mr. Gilbert and Miss Whitman are the favorites.

April 11.—"Norther Board Meeting." Business manager is only fifteen minutes late.

April 14.—Girls are wearing their Easter bonnets already.

April 15.—First baseball game of the season with Northwestern.

April 17.—Gen. X. doesn't seem nearly so interesting this nice weather, but a Norther Board stunt does relieve the monotony.

April 18.—Professor John Scott tells us the fascinating story of the excavation of old Troy, the City of Homer's Iliad.

A confirmed report comes to us that two girls cried over their geometry last night. Ease up a little bit, teachers.

April 19.—Allan makes the last frantic appeal for Junior dues.

The Dramatic Club presents "Stop, Thief!" for our approval. We approve.

April 21.—The number taking the course in campuistry is increasing every day.

April 22.—The formal that is to be given at Williston Hall tonight, isn't.

April 24.—The animals in the museum sat up today when we sang, "Love's Old Sweet Song."

The big event of the season is here; the Werrenrath concert. Red Westervelt sends for a baritone course in singing.

April 26.—The tennis courts are working overtime these days.

April 29.—The Junior girls put on their flimsy pieces of nothingness and celebrate in the form of the Junior Prom.

* April Fool.



May 1.—Williston Hall receives the May baskets.

May 2.—The Melodie Klub have a minstrel show. Al Jolson signs up Curtiss as his understudy. Congratulations, Marshall.

May 3.—The popular sport among the Juniors nowadays is jumping the rope. Aren't you Juniors ever going to grow up?

May 4.—Dr. D. W. Craft gives us a very enlightening lecture on the correlation of art.

May 5.—The usual question in trig is broached—How much time did you spend on your lesson last night? College studies are interfering with college life again. The Treble Clef render a few selections for the superintendents at the banquet.

May 8.—Susie can't decide whether to teach in Oak Park or Malta.

May 10.—The campus seems to be an ideal place for study these nice days.

May 11.—Full moon tonight. Wayne and Virginia—censored!

May 12.—Roller skating seems to be taking the place of jumping the rope among the Juniors.

May 14.—Paul Best was unable to teach his Sunday School class today on account of illness.

May 15.—The campus is getting more popular as a place for study.

May 17.—Lola Schulz removed her diamond again last night—censored!

May 19.—The Treble Clef gave us a fine concert. All those who really appreciate fine music say the concert was excellent.

May 20.—Did you see the bobbed haired horses the girls were riding at the May Fete? Many lads from Hinckley, Waterman, Creston and Malta attended the May Day dance given in the gym.

The Prophetic Section:

May 27.—The Senior Prom is as it should have been—a humdinger of a party.

May 29.—Senior play. The Juniors will have to go some if they give a better one next year.

May 30.—Memorial Day. Did you march?

May 31.—Many dignified Seniors in caps and gowns decorate the landscape for this is our class day. What if all those prophesies come true?

June 1.—This morning we are Seniors; this noon we are Alumni. Now that you is graduated we hope that you will continue your use of goodest English.



May 1.



May 3



May 10



May 12.



June 2.

Reverie

I wandered down in the old-fashioned garden
As the sun was sinking to rest, on its couch of golden purple clouds.
Around me was silence—the essential silence
Which one must feel when alone with God in His great out-of-doors.
The darkening shadows were creeping up to the tall, gray towers of
the castle.
All was still save the twittering sparrows that chatted on
As to and fro and back and forth they went among the clinging ivy
wreathes.
The Normal lake lay undisturbed inside its cat-tail borders,
The drowsy hum of night moths came from the perfumed flowers.
I stood, and could but marvel at all these gifts so rare,
And raise my eyes in loving prayer for all this heavenly beauty;
And joy and wonder filled my heart as I slowly turned once more
Back to the hum of the busy world, to the homes within the city.
But long, long did these thoughts remain;
And the picture is perfect yet, though the golden days of autumn
have vanished
And, long since, have passed the silvery nights of winter.
But evermore this scene remains a blessed joy unfading.

VIOLETTE L. BURSTATTE.



Do laugh and that
full merrily, nor
by thy mirth do fear
to foolishly undo us.





Mr. Wright—"Some one give me a sentence with 'play-wright' in it."

Robt. Russell—"They took me out of the game because I didn't play right."

"Denny" Collins—"When was the first time the thirteen colonies got together?"

"Mil" Bodinson—"Boston Tea Party."

Music hath its charms
To soothe the savage's breasts,
But what I like it mostly for
Is for the rests, rests, rests.

Marie Merrill (in Geometry)—"When two faces coincide, what happens?"

"Hobe" P.—"Why-er-er, really I don't know."

True?

"Lo, Bill."

"Lo, Jim."

"Ain't this a rotten school?"

"Yes, rotten school."

"No spirit."

"Nope, no spirit."

"Games no good."

"Nope, no good."

"How did the game come out last Friday?"

"Don't know; didn't go. Did you?"

"Nope. Didn't go."

"Good bye, Bill."

"Good bye, Jim."

School of Ours

When our day's work is done,
And the ev'ning's revelry's begun,
We shall think of you, oh school of ours,
And of the friends who shared our fun,
And with us loved thine ivied towers.

When the sun is sinking in the west,
And the birds have gone to rest,
We shall think of you, oh school of ours,
And relive the days that we loved best,
That once we lived 'neath thine ivied towers.

When the crackling fire is burning low,
And the cheery lights have lost their glow,
We shall think of you, oh school of ours,
And of happy hours of long ago,
Of glad hours spent 'neath thine ivied towers.

When the leaves change their coats to gold,
And the year is growing old,
We shall return, oh school of ours,
And with friends, each year, as of old,
We shall walk again 'neath thine ivied towers.

LOLA SCHULZ.



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Slang

I love to use "good gosh" and "hang,"
And all the other forms of slang;
That dear old word, the much used "ain't,"
And all the rest, my speech doth taint.
And then one day our Pres'dent spake,
"O, would you like to graduate?"

By all the students slang is used;
And e'en by some it is abused.
"Well, what's it to yuh," they will say,
"O you dumb-bell, O you jay!"
Just wait, their language they'll abate;
For they would like to graduate.

No more need teacher say, "Beware,"
I'll pick and choose my words with care.
It's no more "berries," "quit your kidding;"
Put on your brakes or you'll be "skidding."
I'll start right now with good clean slate,
For I am going to graduate.

CHAS. BRADT.

Judith J.—"Did you see Mildred Long?"
Gladys G.—"Not very."

Harriet D.—"Say Ruth, when you graduate, what degree do you expect to get?"

Ruth O'C.—"M. A."

Harriet—"I thought so, 'Mouth Active'."

A round answer. Teacher—"Jimmy, what is the capital of Ohio?"

Jimmy—"O."

Accounted for:

Man's hair turns gray before woman's,
That's known in every clime;
The explanation's easy, for
He wears his all the time.



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Dr. Brown—“Such conduct will sever one from this institution.”

Mr. Page—“Come now, let's be serious.”

Miss Parmelee—“Mr. Haynes, take the next problem.”

Mrs. Hensel—“Make your ‘Good-Nights’ as short as possible.”

Miss Jandell—“Bring a written permit from your Dean, before returning.”

Miss Merritt—“Colo' ha'mony.”

Miss Bond—“Feet on hips, place!”

Miss Simonson—“Yes, go on—”

Mr. Arseneau—“By virtue of the fact—”

Mr. Phipps—“Now, our assignment fo' tomorrow—”



The Height of Our Ambitions.

Paul Utter → Mrs. Beck.
 Marguerite O'Brien → Teaching the "Lyborg Dip".
 Hubert Landis → Farm hand.
 Maude Barnes → Preacher's wife.
 Eleanor Lundberg → Teacher in Charm School.
 Maxwell Snyder → Absent-minded old maid.
 Charles Parson → Mgr. of Elgin Hospital.
 Jeanette Husted → Salvation Army worker.
 Hubert Peterson → Taking Miss Merritt's place.
 Dot Maudslott → Missionary to Africa.
 Lealyn Kidd → Home with her folks.
 Carter Shidden → Car Conductor of Seaway.
 Esther Stetzel → Grand Opera singer.
 Stella Ackemana → Mgr. of Home for Sick Cats.
 Lula Austin → Mgr. of Home for Sick Cats.
 Desmond Hewitt → Teacher of sentence form.
 Marie Merrill → Organ grinder.
 Flossie Eastman → Abroad, deadening her laugh.
 Harriett Dayler → Managing Matrimonial Office.
 Myrtle Hedberg → Carries monkey for H&B.
 Ralph Whittaker → Dallas' assistant.
 Lucille Tye → Resident of Maple Park.
 Donald Shaw → Curtain puller for Mrs. Brown.
 Bernice Bachus → Street sweeper.
 Goodwill Swins → Still entertaining Miss Jones.
 "Red" Westervelt → Chip off the old block.
 Virginia Bonin → Anti-cigarette lecturer.
 Fred Haynes → Geometry shark.
 Samby Newman → Dean of Millston.
 Lucille Coffey → Back in Dormitory.
 Helen Kingery → Old maid "school marm".
 Myrtle Hawkins → Class spinster.
 Mary Organ → Leading actress.
 Dallas Gregory → Teaching teacher.
 Isabelle Hunt → Night watch lat Dorm.
 Edith Grandlane → Mgr. of Home for delinquent girls.
 Del Johnson → A perfect lady.
 Helen Gilson → Fat woman in Rungling Bros.
 Virginia Harrison → Math teacher.



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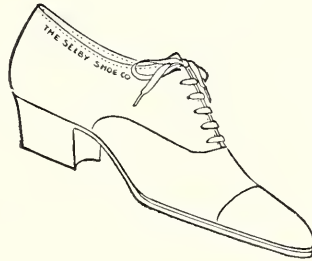
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Mary B.—“Why do they sprinkle corn-meal on the floor?”

Sister Eliza—“To make the chickens feel more at home.”

When was the War of 1812?

F. H.—“There is an awful rumbling in my stomach, like a cart going over cobble stones.”

W. D.—“Probably it was the truck you ate this noon.”

WELL, I GUESS—

You who think our jokes are poor
Would surely change your mind,
If you'd compare the ones we print
With those we left behind.

Mr. Whittaker—“If you were to go to Alaska, what would be the first thing you would do?”

Wyman—“Shiver!!!”

Little drops of water
Frozen on the walk,
Make the naughty adjectives
Mix in people's talk.

*“Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.”*

—Whittier.

For your future our wish is success

Natusch

Photographer



N. I. S. T. C. Dictionary

- Athletics—A favorite study in school for flunkers of other subjects.
- Board—A lot of folks who help the Seniors run the school.
- Candy—A food product obtained at the Inn which is a good tonic for the brain; and necessary to all pupils.
- Dunce—Teacher who tries to give a Senior advice.
- Eighth—Longest period of the day.
- Fourth—A period of misery for an empty stomach.
- Gym—A rendezvous for social lions and wall flowers.
- Hope—A longing wish never granted.
- I—Me, myself, we, U. S. and Co.
- Junior—A day dreamer who boasts of what he will do next year.
- Ketchup—A tonic for those behind in studies.
- Locker—Large metal case, used as a prop by certain ones.
- Mathematics—Censored.
- No Brains—A prevalent disease.
- Office—The scene for confidentials.
- Pass—Yellow or white slip with various uses—probably not originally intended.
- Quiz—The harass of a teacher for the students.
- Rules—The words we love to read.
- Sentinel—Teacher guards on the first floor corridor.
- Team—The pride of the School—defenders of our name.
- University—The hope of teaching realized by few.
- Vod-vil—See W. A. A.
- Warning—Injunction served upon an unoffending pupil, otherwise known as poor notice.
- X—Unknown—see any freshman.
- Yells—The noises that make our team fight.
- Zero—A cold mark. (Ask any flunker.)

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Twins

On certain occasions we often see
Russell and Stegmeir their escorts to be.
But which is which and who is who
They'll have to tell, for that we can't do.
One's Dorothy, one's Doris, they both look the same
But when we're so ignorant, what good is a name?
There's one thing we noticed as they passed us by:
Either Dorothy or Doris reaches nearer the sky.
You can't tell 'em apart by the dresses they wear,
Nor can they be distinguished by the do of their hair.
In basket-ball, hockey and baseball, too,
There isn't much that these girls can't do.
They're right down good sports and play with a zest
That brings them on top when put to the test.
They're eager, industrious, peppy and square;
What more could be said for this lovable pair?

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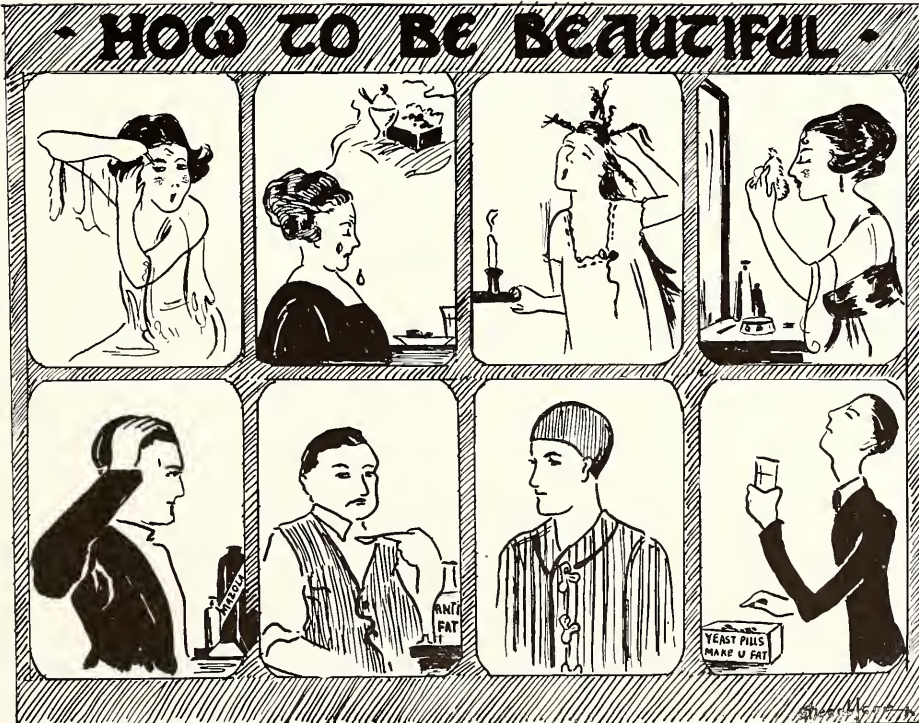
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DeKalb, Illinois



Found in the Library

- "We Two"—DeBell and Lindsay.
 "Freckles"—Mary Barnes.
 "Return of the Native"—"Chuck" Hunt.
 "Love's Labor Lost"—Harold Horan.
 "Little Women"—"Wee" Kidd and Mrs. Hensel.
 "O, Money, Money"—Julia McCabe.
 "O, Mary, Be Careful"—Bill Kilmer.
 "Shylock"—"Denny" Collins.
 "Circular Staircase"—Girls' Gym.
 "Ten Cents"—O. Henry.
 "Call of the Wild"—Dorothy Maillett.
 "Wit and Humor"—Eleanor Donovan.
 "Old Fashioned Girl"—Marion Cahill.
 "Lavender and Old Lace"—Dallas Gregory.
 "Not Like Other Girls"—Edith Ingeborg Johnson.
 "Harvest Moon"—(On the Campus!!)
 "The Clansmen"—Prentice's Inmates.





The North Star

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Individualized Fashions*

Suits Frocks Wraps

¶ Beautiful frocks, the individual styling of each distinctly pronounced, each rich in high color and unique decoratives, pervade the READY-TO-WEAR section with their winsomeness and attractive LOW PRICES.

¶ The three-piece and cape effects in suits prevail, while in wraps the mannish polo and bright-colored sport coats are destined to be extremely popular.

¶ A splendid array of accessories in the newer shades of *Hosiery, Gloves, Veilings* and *Bags* may be found here in abundance.

THE RELIABLE

FAMOUS FOR READY-TO-WEAR
DE KALB



Don. Snow—"Girls make me tired."

H. Oberg—"Why don't you go home earlier?"

Stegmeir, in History—"Lincoln was born in a log cabin in Kentucky, that he helped his father hew the logs for." (Sentence structure must be perfect, if you do not want to be severed from this institution.)

Miss Merritt (to late comer)—"What are you late for?"

Innocent Junior—"Class."

"Sid" R.—"Say, Larson, have you seen my belt around the house?"

Larson—"No. Did you put it around the house?"

Mr. Page—"Hand in program cards."

M. Barnes (sighing)—"Oh, Dear—"

Mr. Page—"Don't call me that, here."

Mr. H.—"Marion, who was here last night?"

Marion—"Only Lillian."

Mr. H.—"Tell Lillian she left her pipe on the Victrola."

Clyde C.—"My brother is exactly the opposite of me. I don't suppose you've met him, have you?"

I. Gant—"No, but I should like to."

Take a Look at Those

New Spring
Suits
Hats
Caps
Oxfords

They're Just Right and
Their Price is
Right

Anderson Brothers



The Northern

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Gus. Kirchner

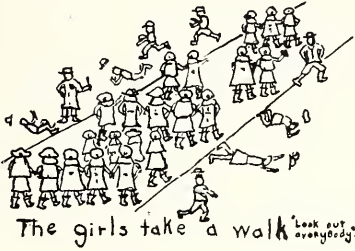
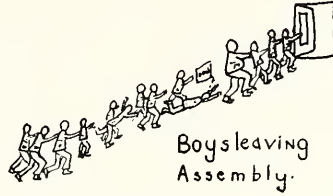
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Bobettes



*All the Latest
in Hair
Goods*



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which we show
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attitude



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Corsets
"Onyx" Hosiery
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School Sweaters
School Middies
Gloves, Handkerchiefs
and complete lines of

Dry Goods

VAILE AND
O'MALLEY
COMPANY

Society
Brand
Clothes

Furnishings
Shoes



Ten Commandments at Hall

- I.
Thou shalt go auto riding any night, unchaperoned.
- II.
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's salad.
- III.
Thou shalt not clean thy room; let thy room-mate do it.
- IV.
Make thy good-nights as long as possible.
- V.
Shake thy rugs out of thy own windows.
- VI.
Thou shalt not boil candy until the proctor has gone.
- VII.
Thou shalt ever peer from upper story windows on open nights.
- VIII.
Always call in the halls; thus thou shalt save thy energy.
- IX.
Always wear thy room-mate's apparel, if it isn't too short.
- X.
Thou shalt ever be mindful of the night-watch.

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Ice Creams

Also a full line of
Brick Ice Creams

*"You and Your Girl
and the Lincoln Inn
Make a Happy Tri-
angle"*

Lincoln Inn
Foss Chocolates



Mr. Page—"What other laws were made by this reformer?"

McLagan—"He refused to allow women to appear in public."

Mr. Page—"Good!"

H. P.—"Are you fond of nuts?"

G. G.—"Is that a proposal?"

Little sprouts of bluffing,
Little puffs of wit
Make the simple Juniors
Think the Seniors it.

McCabe (Studying for History quiz)—"What was the pass where Turkey dipped down on Greece?"

Newman—"Esophagus."

Pedestrian—"Hey, you missed me by a half an inch!"

H. Snyder (on bicycle)—"Be patient, I'm coming back directly."

Mr. Phipps—"By what do they measure electricity?"

Marvin—"What?" (Watt.)

Mr. Phipps—"That's correct, and what do they use platinum for?"

Marvin—"Why-er, sir!" (Wire.)

Mr. Phipps—"Your work is improving lately."

IN HISTORY—

Mr. Page—"What happened to Babylon?"

"Lu" Austin—"It fell."

Mr. Page—"And what happened to Nineveh?"

"Lu"—Destroyed.

Mr. Page—"And to Tyre?"

"Lu"—"Punctured."

AT SUNRISE?

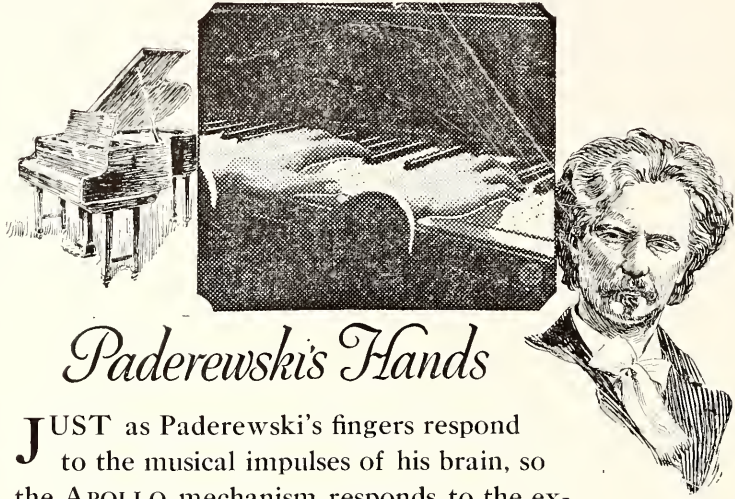
Hesitating Junior (translating Latin)—"I—will—be—shot."

Miss Whitman (absent mindedly)—"Good."

Henry Prentice playing football,
In his leg got a pain
When he didn't try to toddle,
He walked 'round beside a cane.



The Norther



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The Apollo Piano Company
DeKalb, Illinois



Our Faculty

(Ten Years Hence)

President—Paul Best, A. D. (always dextrous).

Prof. of Psychology—Ruth Denny, S. S. (still studious).

Prof. of History—Mr. Page, S. H., E. H., G. S. (still here, ever helpful, good scout).

Prof. of Music—Mary Barnes, A. M. (awfully melodious).

Prof. of English—Esther Stitzel, W. G., S. D. (winter, get'em summer, ditch'em).

Prof. of Art—Eleanor Donavon, A. A. (always artistic).

Prof. of Mathematics—"Lu" Austin, D. T. (deep thinker).

Librarian—Lucille Frye, I. A. (intolerable actions).

Prof. of Geography—Margaret LeBeau, Q. K. (quit kidding).

Prof. of Languages—Allan Newman, W. H. (woman hater).

Prof. of Physical Education—"Red" Westervelt, B. L. (bashful lad).

Dean of Women—Eva Turner, M. A. (motherly advice).

Manual Arts Department—Cullen Keefe, S. S. (slight stature).

Prof. of Physics and Chemistry—Henry Prentice, P. L. (prohibition lecturer).

Prof. of Biology—Eleanor Burkhardt, B. S. (Bluffing "Sid").

Prof. of Home Economics—Evelyn Kirberg, H. B. (home body).

Prof. of Reading—Mildred Burnes, M. E. (much expression).

Prof. of Penmanship—Ruth O'Connor, V. C. (very curious).

The class is still wondering why Miss Whitman said: "Close your books, I'm going to skip around the room."

The Norther is wonderful
 The school gets the fame,
 The printers get the money
 And the Board gets the blame.

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The Star Theatre



You are
always sure
of a good
bill of

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and Music
at

The Star



The Norther

Engravings in This A



Little Jack Horner sat in
the corner,
Taking his monthly exam,
He looked at his neighbor
and copied his paper,
And said, 'What a bright
boy I am.'

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"For Those Who Discriminate"

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Restaurant



DeKalb, Illinois

Visitor (to Mr. Jenks in Lab.)—"How many people down here?"

Mr. Jenks—"Oh, I should say, roughly speaking, about one-third of them."

H. Oberg—"What shall we do?"

P. Best—"I'll spin a coin; if It's heads, we'll go to the movies; tails, we dance; and if it stands on end, we'll study."

Chas. Bradt (translating French)—"Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck and—that's as far as I got."

Miss Whitman—"That is quite enough."

Miss Boyd—"Mr. Camper, why are we studying the "Mort d'Arthur?"

Clyde—"Because we have to."



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